THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For JANUARY, 1796.

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ORNAMENTED WITH

1. Trying for a *Hare*. 2. Capital Portraiture of *Dash*, a valuable Pointer, in the Possession of Colonel Thornton, being the second Plate of a Series of Engravings on the Subject of *Hare-hunting*.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;
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TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WE are happy in recognizing the Signature of an *Antiquarian Sportsman*; and are forry to fay, his Favors arrived too late for Infertion this Month; we, however, faithfully promife him a Place in our Next.

To *Ch. Chefter*, we are much indebted for his Account of the *Petworth Courfing Meeting*, which he will find particularly attended to in our prefent Number.

The *Life of Tatterfal*, will be refumed in our Next.

A *Man of the World* may enjoy his own Opinion with refpect to the Affair he fpeaks of: but, were he to reflect for a Moment, on the difafterous Confequences that might probably attend his Precipitation, he would perceive, *too clearly* perhaps, the Impropriety of his unreafonable Remonftrance.

The *Sketch* of a confpicuous *Character* in the *Green Room*, is too much tinctured with Malevolence, ever to obtain a Place in the Sporting Magazine.

The *Pigeon Fancier* fhall, if poffible, be noticed in our Next.

Singular Traits in the Character of *John Elwes*, Efq. muft be poftponed.

Particulars of the annual Celebration of *Mr. Baddeley's* Bequeft arrived too late for Infertion this Month. As alfo the *Theatrical Hum.*

An *Old Fox-Hunter* will find his Requeft attended to in our prefent Number.

As alfo *B. M.*—*Capt. Snug*,—*Humanitas*,—*Little B.*—*An Unpowdered Crop*, &c. &c. &c.

ERRATUM.—P. 119, of our Laft, top Line but one, in fecond Column, for *Poffeffion*, read *Profeffion*.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JANUARY 1796.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

*** *This Month the Theatres have been very prolific in their productions. There has been no leſs than four new Pieces brought forward; viz. at Covent-garden, a drama called the* Days of Yore, *with a lively Comedy, entitled the* Way to get Married. *At Drury-lane, the Pantomime of* Harlequin Captive, *with the Comedy of the* Man of Ten Thouſand. *We ſhall firſt lay before our readers an Account of the*

DAYS OF YORE.

Covent-garden, Jan. 13.

THIS Evening a new Drama, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. *Cumberland,* called *the Days of Yore,* was performed for the firſt time, the characters of which are thus repreſented:

Alfred, king of England	Mr. Middleton
Oddune, Earl of Devonſhire	Mr. Harley
Alrick, Earl of Northumberland	Mr. Toms
Gothrun, a Daniſh Chief	Mr. Richardſon
Vortimer, ſon of Haſtings the Dane	Mr. Pope
Sibald, Attendant Lord	Mr. Macready
Egbert, ditto	Mr. Clermont
Malvern, ditto	Mr. Hull
Mollo, Steward to Oddune	Mr. Thompſon
Lothaire, a Page	Mrs. Clendining
Oſwena, Widow to Haſtings	Miſs Morris
Adela, daughter to Oddune	Mrs. Pope

Danes, Warders, Servants, &c. &c.

The plot is very ſimple, reſting chiefly on a love tale between Vortimer and Adela. The father of the lady Oddune having no ſuſpicion of the attachment that ſubſiſts between her and Vortimer, promiſes to marry her to Alrick. Vortimer (whoſe father, Lord Haſtings, has been ſlain in battle), for the purpoſe of obtaining acceſs to the object of his affection, aſſumes the appearance of a deranged mind, and under this diſguiſe, has frequent interviews with her, even in the preſence of Oddune. Alfred the Great, who bears equal friendſhip to the houſes of Devonſhire and Northumberland, agrees to perform the ceremony of giving the hand of Adela to Alrick, and before the propoſed time, does Oddune the honour of a viſi at Kenwith caſtle, where, and in the adjoining country, the ſcene principally lies. During his ſtay, being introduced to Adela, a converſation takes place between them, in which ſhe diſcloſes to his Majeſty her love for Vortimer. The King being averſe to any meaſure inſtrumental in a marriage expreſly againſt her will, promiſes to purſuade her father from perſiſting in his intention of giving her to Alrick. Night approaches, and the King while walking under the caſtle walls, is beſet by a party of Danes,

headed by Gothrun, and made prisoner. Vortimer who by this time appears in the full dignity of his character, although opposed by Gothrun, saves the life of the King, and, by a patriotic address to the soldiers, obtains their acquiescence in his Majesty's salvation. Oddune, who is all reverence and submission to Alfred, consents, through his mediation, to bestow the hand of his daughter on the preserver of the sacred life of his Majesty. Previous to this juncture, Vortimer, who, in an action fought some time before, between the Saxons and the Danes, had conquered Alrick, but generously saved his life, accidentally meets him, and is hailed by him as his deliverer from death. Vortimer, however, viewing him in the light of a rival, treats him very abruptly, and insists on their fighting; but Alrick assures him that he has not only given up all pretensions to Adela, but married another lady, the sister of Sibald; which explanation satisfies Vortimer, and they become good friends.

Such are the outlines of this piece, the business of which, resting on so slender a foundation, is managed with much skill and taste. Throughout the two first acts the interest is very well preserved; but from the commencement of the third, the plot being then entirely exposed, the impression of the scene is no longer felt, and consequently the curiosity of the auditory ceases to be operated upon with any effect.

Vortimer is the prominent character of the play, which for the most part is very ably drawn, and as ably supported by Mr. Pope.

Alfred is very judiciously represented as every thing good and great, in the person of Mr. Middleton, who is a very respectable representative of him.

Adela is a chaste portraiture of an elegant lady and an impassioned lover, is truly drawn by Mrs. Pope.

Oswena is the widow of Hastings, for whom she appears in deep mourning. The leading feature in her character is revenge for the death of her husband.—Miss Morris acquits herself in this part with a considerable degree of credit.

Alrick, Gothrun, Sibald, and Malvern, have nothing striking attached to them.

Lothaire is introduced merely for the purpose of singing a delightful air to the troubled Vortimer, which is admirably executed by Mrs. Clendining.

The language of this piece is elegant, nervous, impressive, and loyal. Many of the sentences are so *truly classical*, that it is impossible to mistake the passages from which they are borrowed; and, in some instances, the author gives proof of the facility with which the *Shakesperean* style may be imitated.

The dresses, we think, are not agreeable to the *costume* of the times of Alfred.—The scenery is as usual very fine.

The Prologue is spoken by Mr. Toms:—it breathes a commendable spirit of loyalty and patriotism.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

JAN. 23.

This evening, a comedy of five acts, entitled *The Way to Get Married*, was brought out at this house.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tangent,	Mr. Lewis.
Toby Allſpice,	Mr. Quick.
Daſhall,	Mr. Fawcett.
Cauſtic,	Mr. Munden.
Mac-Query,	Mr. Johnſtone.
Captain Faulknor,	Mr. Pope.
Julia Faulknor,	Miſs Wallis.
Lady Sorrell,	Mrs. Davenport.
Clementina,	Mrs. Mattocks.

The ſcene is laid in a country town, in which Toby Allſpice, who keeps a grocer's ſhop, is ſheriff. His daughter having heard that her aunt had left to her and her father 30,000l. aſſumes the airs that generally attend ignorance, elated by unexpected proſperity, and urges her father to relinquiſh buſineſs, which ſhe conceives diſgraces them.—Daſhall, a character the reverſe of what he aſſumes—a London merchant, attracted by the report of her wealth, becomes her ſuitor, and is encouraged by her father, with whom he had previouſly been acquainted.—Captain Faulknor, who, whilſt fighting the battles of his country in the Eaſt, had been deprived of his inheritance, is repreſented, with a lovely and amiable daughter, in extreme diſtreſs, and his attorney, Mac Query, as great a rogue as any of the bad part of the profeſſion are repreſented, adds to the difficulties he pretends to alleviate, and at length ſells to Lady Sorrell, the enemy of Faulknor, a bond he had obtained for ideal ſervices; on which ſhe has him arreſted, to gratify her hatred to his daughter for her ſuperior worth, and in conſequence of the love bore to her by Tangent, with whom her Ladyſhip is enamoured.—Cauſtic, an old oddity, and uncle to Tangent, a young oddity, is by the aunt of Clementina Allſpice, the ſuppoſed heir, left the 30,000l. in truſt, as a marriage portion to the young woman he ſhall deem moſt deſerving it.—Clementina endeavours, by groſs adulation, to atone to Cauſtic for ſeveral indignities with which ſhe had previouſly treated him, and is joined by Daſhall, her admirer, who, at the ſame time, endeavours by a ſham ſpeculation on muffs and tippets, to defraud her father out of five thouſand pounds. Tangent, who had given up the army to enter the law, and whoſe inconſiſtencies eternally irritate his uncle, becomes violently in love with Julia Faulknor, whoſe attachment to him is only reſtrained by ſolicitude for her father. Daſhall, hearing that Captain Faulknor is in jail, directs Julia to come to the door of it, to receive money for his liberation, and inſtead of giving it, carries her off in a chaiſe and four, from which ſhe is reſcued by Tangent, who was conveying by bailiffs to priſon, and by whom ſhe is reſtored to her father.—Mac Query divulges to Tangent a ſecret, with which he had been entruſted by Faulknor, that he had, under the expectation of ſpeedily having money of his own, converted one thouſand pounds, bequeathed to Tangent, by a friend, to his own uſe. Tangent arreſted by his uncle, applies to the releaſe of Falknor, money he had borrowed from Mac Query, from whom he gets, by miſtake, a letter, diſcovering the villainy with which Faulknor had been treated; and that, when he was entitled to a conſiderable ſum of money; when Cauſtic, delighted with the benevolence of his nephew, gives him Julia Faulknor, and the thirty thouſand pounds.

The piece abounds in incident, moſt of which is natural, and extremely well worked up; but poetical

poetical licenſe appears rather overſtrained in ſome of the characters.

The dialogue is highly diverſified, replete with intereſt, wit, and local humour. The *follies* and the *vices* of the day are expoſed with much ability and ſucceſs. Beaten as has been the track, the author has ſucceeded in exploring a new way; and ſome of even the abundant ſtage effect is not only new, but natural.

The Prologue, which is ſaid to have been written by Mr. Fitzgerald, poſſeſſes great poetic merit; and the Epilogue, which is attributed to the pen of Captain Topham, and is extremely witty and appropriate, does much credit to whoever may be the author.

DRURY-LANE, JAN. 18.

HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE.

THIS evening, an entire new pantomime, called *Harlequin Captive, or The Magic Fire*, compoſed by Mr. Powell, librarian to his royal highneſs the Prince of Wales, was performed, for the firſt time, at this theatre.

THE CHARACTERS BY

Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Banks, Mr. Boimazon, Maſter Welſh, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Fairbrother, Mr. Wathen, Mr. Ruſſel, Mr. Benſon, Mr. Hollingſworth, Mr. Burton, Mr. Phillimore, Mr. Maddocks, Mr. Jones, Mr. Webb, Mr. Fiſher, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Evans, Mr. Ruffey, Mr. Keys, Mr. Whitmel, Mr. Wells, Mr. Butler, Mr. W. Banks, Mr. Nicolson, Mr. Garman, Maſter Gregion, Maſter De Camp, &c. &c. Miſs De Camp, Miſs Mellon, Mrs. Boimazon, Miſs Heard, Mrs. Cuyler, Mrs. Booth, Miſs Tidſwell, Mrs. Maddocks, Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. Heard, Miss. Butler, Miſs Brooker, Miſs Chatterly, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Brigg, Mrs. Haſky, Mrs. Barrett, &c. &c.

THE VOCAL PARTS BY

Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Dignum, Mr. Trueman, Mr. Danby, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Welſh, Mrs. Bland, Miſs Leak, Miſs Arne, Mrs. Bramwell, Miſs Granger, Miſs Jackſon, Miſs Menange, Miſs Stewart, Miſs Wentworth, &c.

THE FABLE.

Ormandine, protected by the charm of the Magic Fire, has made captive many knights; Harlequin alſo is fallen into his power, whom he detains in a dungeon, till Columbine, with whom Ormandine is deeply enamoured, ſhall conſent to favour his addreſſes. Harlequin and Columbine are, by the indiſcretion of the Clown, releaſed from bondage; Harlequin is ordered, by a good Spirit, who oppoſes Ormandine, to go in ſearch of a conſecrated ſword and ſhield, by which he will be enabled to overcome the ſerpents that guard a fountain, whoſe waters alone can at once extinguiſh the Magic Fire, on which the power of Ormandine entirely depends, and releaſe the knights and damſels whom the enchanter holds in confinement.

The adventures that occur to Harlequin, during his ſearch after the ſword and ſhield, conſtitute the action of the pantomime; and his finding it, overthrowing the Magician, obtaining the water of the fountain, releaſing the knights, and his being finally united to Columbine by Minerva, complete the fable.

SCENERY.

Scene 1.—The Interior Part of Ormandine's Caſtle. Scene 2.—A Gloomy Hall in the Caſtle. Scene

Scene 3.—A Hermitage in the Enchanted Garden. Scene 4.—A View of Maſſy Rocks, opening to the Sea. Scene 5.—A Gloomy Hall in the Caſtle.—Scene 6.—A Sea-port, with a View of Hurſt Caſtle. Scene 7.—Southampton Water Gate. Scene 8.—A Village on the Mountain of Grange. Scene 9.—A Village. Scene 10.—The Royal Oak Inn Yard, Scene 11.—The Ordinary. Scene 12.—The Royal Oak Inn Yard. Scene 13.—Keſwick Town Hall. Scene 14.—A Village. Scene 15.—The Waterfall of Lodore. Scene 16.—A Lake in Cumberland. Scene 17.—A View of Mountains. Scene 18.—A Farm Houſe. Scene 19.—A Park, with the Withered Oak. Scene 20.—The Enchanted Iſland. Scene 21.—The Enchanted Caſtle and Garden, with the Magic Fountain. Scene 22.—The Palace of Minerva.

The opening is at once ſtriking and original.—However, in the progreſs of the action, the Magic Fire is too frequently ſtifled in the puddle of ſtale tricks. It afterwards breaks out again reſplendantly in the *ſnake* combat.—The *ſhip* and the *tree* are beautiful pieces of mechaniſm, upon the principles of expanſion and contraction.

This piece, which is got up with ſome degree of ingenuity, does credit to the contriver. M. Cabanel is the mechaniſt, and Mr. Greenwood the painter

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JAN. 23.

THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

A new Comedy, under this title, was preſented here this evening, to a moſt numerous and brilliant audience. The principal perſons of the drama are—

Lord Laroon,	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Pertinax Pitiful,	Mr. Palmer.
Frederick Dorington,	Mr. Kemble.
Hairbrain,	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Curfew,	Mr. Dodd.
Conſol,	Mr. Suett.
Major Rampart,	Mr. R. Palmer.
Herbert,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Hudſon,	Mr. Aickin.
Lady Taunton,	Miſs Pope.
Olivia,	Miſs Farren.
Annabel,	Mrs. Gibbs.

THE STORY IS AS FOLLOWS:

Dorington, poſſeſſed of conſiderable property in the Weſt Indies, is bountiful, generous, and unſuſpecting, and the dupe of Sir Pertinax and Lord Laroon; he is enamoured of Olivia, who returns his affection, yet terrified at his diſſipation and imputed depravity of morals, reſolves at length to avoid him. At this time, his agent, Mr. Hudſon, arrives from Barbadoes, with intelligence that the whole of his poſſeſſions had been deſtroyed by a tornado, and that the entire of his remaining property was barely commenſurate to the diſcharge of his debts. On this his pſeudo friends abandon him; but Hairbrain obtains a 20,000l. prize in the lottery, which he preſſes him to accept. Herbert, by his aſſiſtance when in affluence, having recovered an eſtate which a fraudulent executor withheld from him, offers to divide it with his benefactor; and Olivia, who has a fortune of 100,000l. raiſes money to ſupply his occaſions. It then appears that Hudſon's narrative was untrue, and that Dorington's tranſatlantic poſſeſſions, ſkreened by high grounds, had entirely eſcaped the ravages of the hurricane. He receives the hand of Olivia, and informs Sir Pertinax and the others, who would again flock about him, that in public he will be happy in their acquaintance; but

but he can never consider them as friends.

Mr. Palmer speaks the prologue; Miss Farren gives the epilogue an excellent delivery.

TRYING FOR A HARE.

(*Being the Second Plate on the Subject of Hare Hunting*).

THE annexed beautiful Engraving of this delightful sport, has, we presume, equal claim to the approbation of our Subscribers, with the Print given in our last on this subject; and therefore have only to say, that the same exertions which so conspicuously appear in the present, as well as in our former productions, shall not at any time be found wanting to merit a continuance of their patronage and support.

SPORTING TRIFLES.

THE Hertfordshire hunt had, what they call, a most gallant day last week: having run a burst of more than an hour, they crossed upon a fresh fox at Branfield, and clattered him two hours and a half more, when he was run to *earth* near *Baldock*. The two chaces, which admitted of no interruption from hard running were full forty miles in extent! Out of a field of fourscore, only *nine* were in at the earth, at the head of whom was Lady Salisbury. After giving honest Daniel, the old huntsman, the go by, she pressed Mr. Hale *neck* and *neck*;—soon blowed the Whipper-in, and contrived indeed, through the whole chace to be always nearest the *brush*!

The following are the celebrated nine as they came in at the earth.

1. Lady Salisbury, 2. Mr. Hale, 3. Mr. Wathen, 4. Lord Beauclerk, 5. Mr. Jones, 6. Lord Burford, 7. Mr. Bowes, 8. Daniel, 9. Mr. Sherson.

The Prince of Wales has lately met with an unexpected interruption to his field sports in Hampshire. Having hunted a part of the country, hitherto reserved for the County Subscription Pack, a remonstrance has been sent to his Royal Highness, and he has been formally warned to refrain from many of the best covers in the county, not excepting some in the neighbourhood of his newly purchased seat of the Grange.

Mr. Fassett, of Cambridgshire, is at this time confessedly at the head of the *hare-hunting* sportsmen, as far at least as field parade goes, for he unkennels to an overture of French horns, and every other event. viz. of *finding*, the *view*, and *death*, &c. are announced by musical ceremonials.

Miss Pickering has challenged all England to meet her with a brace of *greyhounds*, either at the next Swaffham, or Wiltshire meeting.

The honourable *Tommy* Onslow has totally thrown aside the Phætonic reins, and now contents himself with the charioteership of a humble *cane-backed chair* and *one*, through the fashionable streets of the Western world!

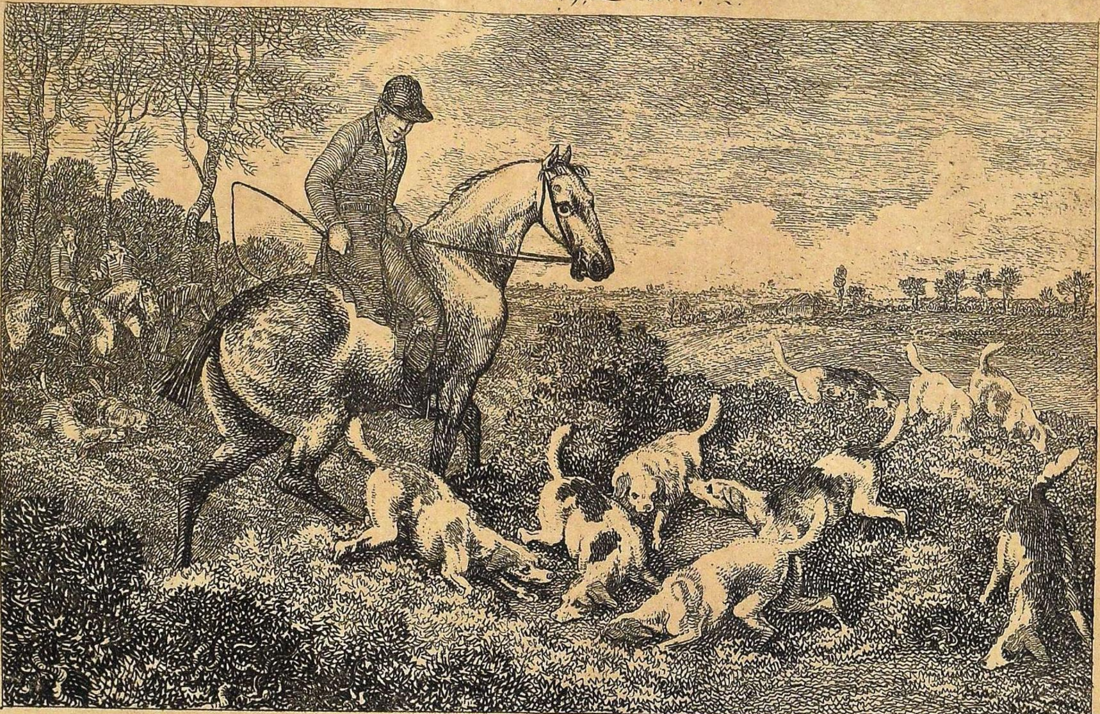
The studs attendant at this time on Mr. Meynel's hunt, in Leicestershire, reckon near four hundred horses; Sir Henry Featherstonhaugh daily airs thirty in body-clothing.

Lord Strafford has determined to give the birds on his estate a year of *Jubilee*.

Sir John Lade has purchased a town mansion in Park-lane.

A trea-

Hare Hunting, Plate. 2d



Howitt i. et e.

TRYING FOR A HARE,

Publish'd Feb.y 1st 1796, by I. Wheble, Warwick Court, London.

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 125.)

THIS may be given twice or thrice a day, and the quantity of nitre increased or diminished, as it is found to agree with the horse's stomach, which it always will, if given in a larger quantity of the infusion, and well diluted with plenty of water.

When there is a great defluxion on the lungs, it will be proper to divert the humours, by keeping the body open with clysters and laxative purges, observing the same precautions as have been taken notice of before.

For this purpose, four ounces of cream of tartar, and as much of the purging salts, with two ounces of lenitive electuary, may be given, which will be of great service, to keep the body cool, to prevent costiveness, and abate the fever.

To this mode of treatment, all colds, if taken in the first attack, will generally submit: and I flatter myself that it will prove a more certain and useful remedy than the customary cordial drenches, which should be banished the stable, as they are more disposed to augment than lessen the fever; while the above cools the whole frame, and prevents all obstructions, by promoting the secretions in general, but more particularly by urine, and carries off the complaint before it can possibly settle on the lungs.

But, as many will prefer the old practice of Farriery to the modern improvements, I have continued the following, and would recommend it to those who would have a drink immediately, that may be made without much trouble—

Dissolve a cordial horse-ball, which you are always to keep by you ready made*, in a pint of warm ale or beer; and it will prove of great service, as it consists of balsamic and pectoral ingredients.

If you should chance to be in a place where you cannot have all, or but few of the things before directed, then take three ounces of anniseeds, and a dram of saffron; pour a pint of boiling water over them, and let it stand till it is of a proper heat to give the horse:—it should be sweetened with two ounces of honey, mixed with a glass of sallad oil. This, though a plain and simple medicine, may possibly have as good an effect as the more compound; for anniseeds seem to have some specific virtue in curing the disorders of horses.

Markham's cordial ball has been long in high esteem, among Farriers, for a cold and cough; that which follows, is taken from Markham's own book, and is somewhat different from what I gave before, but not quite so good.

Take anniseeds, cummin seeds, fenugreek seeds, carthamus seeds, elecampane roots, flour of brimstone, and brown sugar candy, of each two ounces, beaten and searced very fine: then take an ounce of the juice of liquorice, and dissolve it in half a pint of white wine; then take three ounces of the syrup of coltsfoot; sallad oil and honey, of each half a pint: mix these with the former, and make them into a paste, with a sufficient quantity of wheat flour.

The receipt that I gave before, was from Sir William Hope's Horsemanship; in which two ounces of the coltsfoot was ordered in substance, instead of the syrup; and an ounce of the oil of anni-

* Directions how to make these balls will (in a collection of approved recipes) be given in a future Number.

seeds was added; both which alterations make it a much better medicine than the other.

There is another amendment of the balls in Quincy's Dispensatory, under the title of *Pasta Hippiatrica*; the meaning of which is, the Horse-healing Paste. From whence he had it, I cannot tell; for it is evidently not his own, from the choice of the ingredients. He mentions one ball, that Dr. Ratcliff was the author of: I wish he had given it us, instead of the following—

Take powder of fenugreek seeds, anniseeds, cummin seeds, carthamus seeds, elecampane root, coltsfoot leaves, flour of brimstone, of each three ounces; juice of liquorice, an ounce; oil of olives and honey, of each eight ounces; of Genoa treacle, twelve ounces; of oil of anniseed, an ounce; of wheat meal, a pound and an half, or as much as is sufficient to make it into a paste, which roll into balls.

The reason why I think this is not Quincy's own is, because he orders carthamus seeds, which are now, and were then, out of use. Besides, he has ordered twelve ounces of Genoa treacle, which is no where explained, in all his Dispensatory. Now, whether Genoa treacle is a cant name for common treacle, or whether it means *Theriaco Andromachi*, which we call Venice treacle, and made at Genoa, I must confess I am at a loss to know. There may be some wholesale dealers, in London, that may be able to tell what it means; but I have not had the luck to meet with any of them. However, Gibson seems to have been acquainted with the composition; for he says, "When they are faithfully made, they are of general use in distempers of the stomach, lungs, liver, and viscera, as well as in colds; and will serve to mix with other medicines, upon many occasions. They will cure recent colds, without any other remedy. And, if half an ounce of Æthiop's mineral be worked into a ball with treacle, and repeated every morning, with warm water and mashes of bran or malt, they will cure horses troubled with worms, attended with a cough."

And now we are upon the subject of cordial balls, it will not be improper to give you Dr. Bracken's, and then you will be better able to judge of the merit of the rest—

Take anniseeds and carraway seeds, finely powdered, of each an ounce; of greater cardamon seed, half an ounce; of Spanish juice, dissolved in hyssop water, two ounces; liquorice powder, an ounce and a half; of wheat flour, enough to make them into a stiff paste. When the whole has been beaten in a mortar, keep it for use, in a bladder tied.

With this ball, he compounds the following medicine for colds: —Take half a pound of my cordial ball; two ounces of hog-lice fresh gathered; of precipitated sulphur, one ounce: of compound powder of tragacanth, half an ounce; of balsam of Tolu, in fine powder, an ounce; of Chio turpentine, half an ounce; of syrup of balsam, sufficient to make the whole into a proper consistence for balls.

I have made no other alteration in this prescription, than by giving the names of two of the medicines as they now go by, since the alteration of the London Dispensatory; and I shall only observe, that it will be a hard matter to get good balsam of Tolu, that will powder, and therefore it must be first mixed with the turpentine,

pentine, to render it more fluid, and then beaten together with the reſt.

"This ball," ſays he, "cannot be outdone by any medicine in the whole Materia Medica: I mean, for curing colds in horſes. Half an ounce ſhould be given at a time, before the horſe has his water, morning and evening; and he ſhould have a ſlinging canter afterwards, for about a quarter of a mile, and then walking exerciſe. While his indiſpoſition laſts, his water ſhould not be cold, but rather, what we call white water."

The medicines made uſe of for a cold, ſhould be given as long as the cold continues; for, ſometimes, it will be a fortnight before it breaks, and as much longer before it goes quite off. During the cure, the horſe ſhould be kept warm, and covered, eſpecially about his neck and head, becauſe they are generally moſt affected. When a horſe is ſuddenly ſeized with a violent cold, which depreſſes his ſpirits, the riding and exerciſe ſhould be forborne, till he has been bled, and proper evacuations have been uſed. When the cold is obſtinate, and the horſe full of fleſh, he muſt be rowelled, and then exerciſe will help the working of the rowels, and promote the running at the noſe, when the diſorder diſcharges itſelf that way.

When horſes have a cough, at the time of cutting their teeth, it is generally pretty ſtrong, and continues till all the teeth are grown. This cough is entirely ſymptomatical, and ariſes from the conſent of parts; therefore, the chief thing to be done is bleeding, to alleviate the ſymptoms. Sometimes, a ſwelling in the roof of the mouth will ſupervene, called the lampaſs. When this riſes higher than the teeth, the horſe will mangle his hay, and ſlabber. This diſorder ſhould be left to itſelf, without attempting a cure; for, whatever repels the humour, will endanger the eyes: much leſs muſt the running be ſtopped, which will begin as ſoon as the ſoreneſs of the gums goes off, and will continue four or five days, or a week, before it ceaſes. When any diſorders of the eyes attend the cutting of teeth, they muſt be treated as directed in the ſection of Diſorders of the Eyes.

OF FEVERS IN GENERAL.

A FEVER is a general diſeaſe, which affects all the nervous parts, and diſturbs all the functions of the body. Nor are the ſolids free from its dire effects: the motion of the heart and arteries ceaſe to be regular and equal; the circulation of the blood to be free and natural; and ſecretions and excretions are no longer rightly performed. Horſes may be attacked with this diſtemper at all ages, whether running at large in the fields, or kept cloſe in the ſtable; and ſometimes it is epidemical, ſeizing great numbers at the ſame time. Sometimes it is ſymptomatical, as being the conſequence of other diſeaſes, at the ſame time rendering them more dangerous, and much more difficult to be cured.

The formal cauſe of a fever is an univerſal affection of the fibrous and nervous ſyſtem, which begins at the ſpinal marrow, and is ſucceſſively propagated from the external to the internal parts of the body. The material cauſe may be any ſubtle, acrid, cauſtic matter, either generated in the body, or received by contagion; a ſtoppage of perſpiration; a reſtraining of critical ſweats; breaking out of the ſkin driven inwards; the healing of

old purulent ulcers; an incongruous diet; corrupted bile lying in the first passages; want of due rest; violent tensions of the nervous parts; inflammations, tumours, abscesses, wounds, drastic purges; sudden cold after violent heat. These causes will produce a great variety of fevers in horses, as well as men; but because, in the former, we can only discover the general symptoms, they cannot be reduced to the same classes as in the latter.

A fever, properly speaking, does not consist merely in an accelerated pulse, or a more frequent beating of the heart; because this may happen from hard riding, or any thing else that puts the blood and spirits into a commotion. That only can be called a fever, which proceeds from internal causes, and is attended with coldness of the external parts. In men, there is generally a shivering; and so there is probably in horses, though it is seldom or never taken notice of, because it can hardly be discovered till the disease is confirmed.

A fever has two motions; the one from the circumference to the center, or from the external parts to the internals, the heart and lungs: on the contrary, the other is from the center to the circumference. The first is attended with low symptoms, and the second with those that are violent. When a horse dies of a fever, it is always in its low state; because, when the blood is driven inwardly, by the spasms of the external parts, the heart, lungs, and brain, are oppressed by its quantity; and, not being able to return it back, they are greatly debilitated thereby.—But the other motion, by which the blood is sent from the internal parts to the circumference, through the small vessels, is salutary and vital; for then the matter which causes the fever is in time corrected, discussed, and thrown out of the body, so that at length the fever ceases.

Therefore, since nature alone is often sufficient to throw off a fever, we must take care not to disturb her salutary assistance, when the disease tends to solution; for then no medicines should be given, but such as are proper to assist the efforts of nature, in correcting, resolving, and at length expelling, the morbific matter. This is best done by diluents, humectants, temperants, aperients, strengtheners, and nitrous medicines.

(To be continued.)

ON HUNTING.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

AGREEABLY to promise, in my last, I shall now tell you, what my objections to bag-foxes are:—The scent of them is *different* from that of other foxes: it is *too good*, and makes hounds idle; besides, in the manner in which they generally are turned out, it makes hounds very wild. They seldom fail to know what you are going about, before you begin; and, if often used to hunt bag-foxes, will become riotous enough to run any thing. A fox that has been confined long in a small place, and carried out afterwards in a sack, many miles perhaps, his own ordure hanging about him, must needs stink extravagantly. You are also to add to this account, that he most probably

bly is weakened for want of his natural food, and ufual exercife; his fpirit broken by defpair, and his limbs ftiffened by confinement; he then is turned out in open ground, without any point to go to: he runs down the wind, it is true; but he is fo much at a lofs all the while, that he lofes a deal of time in not knowing what to do; while the hounds, who have no occafion to hunt, purfue as clofely, as if they were tied to him. "I remember once," fays Mr. Beckford, in his Thoughts upon Hunting, "to have hunted a bag-fox with a gentleman who, not thinking thefe advantages enough, poured a whole bottle of *annifeed* on the fox's back. I cannot fay that I could have hunted the fox, but I affure you I could very eafily bave hunted the *annifeed.*" Is it to be expected that the fame hounds will have patience to hunt a cold fcent the next day over greafy fallows, through flocks of fheep, or on ftony roads? However capable they may be of doing it, I fhould much doubt their giving themfelves the trouble. If, notwithftanding thefe objections, you ftill choofe to turn one out, turn him into a *fmall* cover, give him what time you judge neceffary, and lay on your hounds as quietly as you can; and, if it be poffible, let them think they find him.—If you turn out a fox for blood, I fhould, in that cafe prefer the turning him into a *large* cover, firft drawing it well, to prevent a change. The hounds fhould then find him themfelves; and the fooner he is killed, the better. Fifteen or twenty minutes is as long as I fhould ever wifh a bag-fox to run, that is defigned for blood:—the hounds fhould then go home.

Bag-foxes always run down the wind:—fuch fportfmen, therefore, as choofe to turn them out, may at the fame time choofe what country they fhall run. Foxes, that are found, do not follow this rule invariably. Strong earths and large covers are great inducements, and it is no inconfiderable wind that will keep foxes from them. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who never hunts, being on a vifit to a friend of his in the country, who hunts a great deal, heard him talk frequently of *Bag-foxes*; as he was unwilling to betray his ignorance, his difcretion, and curiofity, kept him for fome time in fufpenfe; till, at laft, he could not refrain from afking "what kind of an animal *a bag-fox* was?—and if it was not *a fpecies of fox peculiar to that country?*"

I have known a pack of hounds to run a fox to ground immediately after they had found him; he was digged and turned out again; and that the operation of turning him out might be better performed, the mafter of the hounds undertook it himfelf.—You will hardly believe me, when I tell you, that he forgot the place where he turned him out, and they never once could hit upon the fcent.

If you breed up cubs, you will find a fox-court neceffary: they fhould be kept there till they are large enough to take care of themfelves. It ought to be open at the top, and walled in; I need not tell you that it muft be every way well fecured, and particularly the floor of it, which muft be either bricked or paved. A few boards fitted to the corners will alfo be of ufe to fhelter and to hide them. Foxes ought to be kept very clean, and have plenty of frefh water; birds and rabbits are their beft food; horfe-flefh might

might give them the mange, for they are ſubject to this diſorder. —I remember a remarkable inſtance of it. Going out to courſe, I met the whipper-in returning from exerciſing his horſes, and aſked him if he had found any hares?—No, Sir, he replied, but I have caught a fox.—I ſaw him ſunning himſelf under a hedge, and finding he could not run, I drove him up into a corner, got off my horſe, and took him up, but he is ſince dead.—I found him at the place he directed me to, and he was indeed a curioſity.—He had not a ſingle hair on his bruſh, and very few on his body.

I have kept foxes too long; I alſo have turned out too young. The ſafeſt way, I believe, will be to avoid either extreme. When cubs are bred in an earth near you, if you add two or three to the number, it is not improbable that the old fox will take care of them. Of this you may be certain;—that if they live, they will be good foxes; for the others will ſhew them the country. Thoſe which you turn into an earth, ſhould be regularly fed. If they ſhould be once neglected, it is probable they will forſake the place, wander away, and die for want of food. When the cubs leave the earth, (which they may ſoon do) your game-keeper ſhould throw food for them in parts of the cover where it may be moſt eaſy for them to find it; and when he knows their haunt, he ſhould continue to feed them there. Nothing deſtroys ſo much the breed of foxes, as buying them to turn out, unleſs care be taken of them afterwards.

In an extenſive country, probably it may not be all equally good; it may be worth your while therefore to remove ſome of the cubs, from one part of it into the other: it is what I frequently do myſelf, and find it anſwer.

Though turned-out foxes may ſometimes anſwer the purpoſe of entering your hounds, yet they ſeldom ſhew any diverſion; few of thoſe I have turned into my woods, have I ever ſeen again: beſides, the turning out of foxes, and alarming the neighbourhood, may *haſten* their deſtruction.—Foxes will be plentiful enough, where traps are not ſet to deſtroy them—ſhould they do any injury to the farmer, make ſatisfaction for it—encourage the neighbouring gamekeepers to preſerve them by paying them handſomely for every litter of cubs that they take care of for you: if you act in this manner, you may not have occaſion to turn any out.

A fox-court is of great uſe: it ſhould be airy, or it is not adviſeable to keep them long in it. I turned out, one year, ten brace of cubs; moſt of which, by being kept till they were tainted before they were turned out, were found dead in the covers, with ſcarcely any hair upon them; whilſt a brace, which had made their eſcape by making a hole in the ſack in which they were brought, lived, and ſhewed excellent ſport. Should the cubs be large, you may turn them out immediately: a large earth will be beſt for that purpoſe, where they ought to be regularly fed with rabbits, birds, or ſheeps henges, which ever can be moſt conveniently procured. When a fox is once tainted; he never recovers. The weather being remarkably hot, thoſe which I kept in my fox-court, (and it, at that time, was a very cloſe one) all died, one after the other, of the ſame diſorder.

I muſt now take my leave, and remain, Your's, &c.

ACASTUS.

EXTRAORDINAY.

Extraordinary Sporting Performances.

(Continued from page 148).

1790.

JANUARY 20th, a man aged upwards of fifty, ſtarted from Walmore's, the Prince's Head, at Windſor, to run to Hyde-park-corner, and back, (forty-four miles and a quarter) for a hundred guineas, in ſeven hours and a quarter, which he compleated with much apparent eaſe. Great bets were depending on this race, and many gentlemen of the turf attended.

February 27th, a very uncommon circumſtance occurred, in the neighbourhood of Windſor, during the royal chace. His Majeſty was out with the ſtag-hounds in purſuit of a ſtag, Lord Berkeley's fox-hounds after a fox, and the King's harriers in chace of a hare. The three packs met together in a field, and the conſequence was, that all the ſport was put a ſtop to. The ſtag, the fox, and hare, each eſcaped, and the packs all mingled together in confuſion.

May 12th, a grand match at cricket, for one thouſand guineas, was played in Lord's ground, Marybone, by twenty-two picked men of All England; there were eleven right-handed players, againſt the ſame number of ſelect left-handed men. It was decided in favour of the left hands, by thirty-nine notches.

14th, Two journeymen ſhoemakers, in Liverpool, of the names of Griffiths and Wrighten, agreed, for a wager, to try which was the neateſt and moſt expeditious workman; for which purpoſe, they ſet-to at five o'clock in the morning, and continued with little intermiſſion until eight in the evening, during which time the former made, in a neat and workman-like manner, thirteen pair, and an odd one, of children's pumps; the latter made twelve pair. It is ſuppoſed to be the greateſt performance ever known, by any of the gentle craft.

June 7th, a common hack horſe, the property of Mr. Grimſhaw, of Birmingham, (upon the turnpike road leading from thence to Hales Owen,) trotted three miles in twelve minutes and fifteen ſeconds, walked three in thirty-eight minutes and fifteen ſeconds, and galloped three miles in eight minutes and twenty ſeconds, being in the whole one minute and ten ſeconds under the hour, in which time it was undertaken he ſhould perform the whole, for a wager of twenty guineas.

July 1ſt, a very corpulent man ran, for a wager of twenty pounds, from a public houſe at Highgate, to the Horſe Guards, which is computed to be ſix miles. He was allowed forty minutes to perform it in, but did it in thirty-four minutes.

Auguſt 7th, a gentleman from Vermont, in America, rode, for a wager of two hundred guineas, (on the road between Preſcot and Warrington, in Lancaſhire,) 110 miles, in ſeven hours and a half. He was allowed eight hours to perform this equeſtrian feat, but compleated it, with eaſe, thirty minutes under the time. He had ſeven horſes for the purpoſe.

September 2d, Mr. John Thong and Mr. John Jordain, of Bedford, walked from Bedford to Milton, and back, for a wager of ten guineas. Notwithſtanding Thong carried four ſtone, two pounds, in a pad made for the purpoſe, in order to make his

weight

weight equal to Jordain's, he won the wager. The diſtance from Bedford to Milton is upwards of four miles: they were about two hours in walking it.

21ſt, A huntſman, at Cheſter, for a wager of twenty guineas, ran bare-footed, on the London road, one mile in four minutes thirty-nine ſeconds. The pedeſtrian exertions of this huntſman, were ſaid to be, for eight or ten miles, equal to the beſt horſe that could be brought againſt him.

29th, A famous ſailing match, for one hundred guineas, was decided, round the Iſle of Wight, between Captain Lloyd, of the 7th dragoons, and Captain Gutteridge, of Briſtol. The latter backed his own boat, called the Nonpareil, of Briſtol, (which had won two or three prizes there,) againſt a prime ſailing boat-from Itchingferry; this veſſel was ſloop-rigged, decked, and about twelve tons burthen. Captain Gutteridge's was only half-decked, eight tons burthen, and ſchooner rigged. They ſtarted from Cowes at half paſt ſix in the morning, ſailing to the eaſtward round by Spithead and St. Helen's. The ſloop weathered the Needles at the weſtern extremity of the iſland ſeven minutes and a half before the ſchooner; when the man at the helm, ſtretching out to the oppoſite ſhore to avoid the force of the tide, Captain Gutteridge, by keeping ſnugly along the ſhore, got a-head, and came in exactly *three minutes and a half* before the ſloop, to the great mortification and diſappointment of the knowing ones. The iſland is ſixty miles round, which they ſailed in eleven hours and forty minutes.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MESSIEURS EDITORS,

I HAVE a few obſervations to communicate to my brother ſportſmen through the channel of your publication, and requeſt the inſertion; the eſtimation in which the Sporting Magazine is held, is too well known to need any eulogium on my part, ſhall therefore only ſay, that by granting me the favour, you will oblige, an

OLD FOX HUNTER.

Ferry-bridge, *Dec.* 19, 1795.

If we ſearch into human nature, we find, that nothing ſo much ſhews the nobleneſs of the ſoul, as that its felicity conſiſts in action. Man has ſuch an active principle in him, that he will find out ſomething to employ himſelf upon, let his ſtate of life be whatever it may.

"I have heard of a gentleman," ſays the Spectator, "who was under cloſe confinement in the baſtille many years, during which time he amuſed himſelf with ſcattering a few ſmall pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures, on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unleſs he had found out this piece of exerciſe, he verily believed he ſhould have loſt his ſenſes."

As to my own part, I certainly believe it to be highly neceſſary that the mind of man ſhould be conſtantly employed in ſome manner or other; thoſe whom affluence has rendered independent, have recourſe to various means of employment: ſome to charitable purſuits, others make national affairs their chief ſtudy; the nature and principles of the heavenly

heavenly bodies has occupied the minds of many men; but I wiſh it to be underſtood that it never deranged my intellects; for, as *every man has his hobby*, I have mine, and ſhall not heſitate to pronounce the ſports of the chace as my favourite amuſement: the pleaſure and delight which hunting affords is, in my opinion, not only an uſeful exerciſe to the mind, but phyſically wholeſome to the body. How ridiculouſly abſurd then, is the idea which a *Pruſſian K—g* muſt have entertained of this pleaſurable paſtime, who ſays, that the chace is one of the moſt ſenſual pleaſures, by which the powers of the body are ſtrongly exerted, but thoſe of the mind remain unemployed! What ſhall we ſay to an aſſertion like this? it is hardly credible that a man of ſuch talents as he is reported to have poſſeſſed; a man whoſe general knowledge of men and things ſhould have taught him otherwiſe, could have conſidered this health-giving paſtime, in ſuch an unreaſonable point of view.

It is poſſible for men to differ in many reſpects from each other in their conception of things; but every rational being muſt confeſs, that the body and mind, particularly with reſpect to exerciſe, are ſo intimately connected, that the one cannot participate in any manner or thing whatever, without the accompaniament of the other.

Such, gentlemen, is my opinion of the matter; if I may be permitted the preſumption to differ from ſuch an auguſt philanthropic and tender-hearted character, whoſe *mind*, it is certain, muſt have been *wilfully employed* with the *action* of his *body*, when exerciſed in the *charitable* and *humane practice* of ſacrificing the lives of thouſands of his fellow creatures to his unbounded ambition—DETESTED RECOLECTION!

However, to proceed from this ſanguinary digreſſion, to ſomething more congenial to the feelings of humanity, I will, with your permiſſion, as an illuſtration of my argument, reverſe the ſcene to the relation of a fox-chace, in the pleaſures of which I have ſhared, not only to the ſatisfaction of my *mind*, but alſo to the wholeſome exerciſe of my *body*.

At the commencement of the ſeaſon, in company with a reſpectable number of the ſons of Diana, after leaving home about a mile or two behind us, a large heath broke to our view, and our brother ſportſmen began to beat: they had done ſo for ſome time, when, as I was at a little diſtance from the reſt of the company, I ſaw a hare pop out from a ſmall furze brake, almoſt under my horſe's feet. I marked the way ſhe took, which I endeavoured to make my friends ſenſible of, by extending my arms; fortunately my ſignal was obſerved, and the dogs being immediately called in, were put upon the ſcent. The hare inſtantly threw them above a mile behind her, but it afforded us no ſmall ſatisfaction to find, that inſtead of her flying the country, ſhe wheeled about, after having ſquatted two or three times, and being put up again as often, and deſcribing a ſort of circle round an adjoining hill, came ſtill nearer to the place where ſhe at firſt was ſtarted; at length taking a large field juſt under us, ſhe was followed by the full cry in view. I muſt confeſs the brightneſs of the weather, the chearfulneſs

fulness of every thing around us, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the halloing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted up my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I most freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned, they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to go beyond the pole.

I was highly pleased, and could not have found it in my heart to have murdered a creature who had afforded so much diversion. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry: while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

As we were returning home, I remembered what Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us, that "all our endeavours after greatness, proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear." He afterwards goes on to shew that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make them throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods: but it does not affect those who prefer a far more laudable end for this exercise; I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders. Had that incomparable person whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life until that time, is but one continued account of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers. A moderate use of this exercise, I consider as the best kind of physic for repairing a bad constitution, and preserving a good one, and shall close this essay with the following lines from an excellent writer, whose sentiments in this respect, are perfectly congenial with my own:

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.

By

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd
their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the
blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of
men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years
and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health, un-
bought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to
mend.

Curious ACCOUNT *of the* PUNISHMENT *of* STATE CRIMINALS *of* FAMILY, *in* HOLLAND.

[*From Mr. Pratt's Gleanings, just published.*]

PUBLIC justice is administered, I believe, in the provinces, with a very impartial, but, in some cases, a very mysterious hand. In common affairs, the accused is tried, and, if not immediately acquitted, he is reconducted to his prison, without knowing when his sentence will be passed, or of what nature it is to be. At the pleasure of the magistrate, he is summoned to make his second appearance, and then receives sentence. After hearing which, he is carried again to his confinement, from whence he is brought out only on the day it is to be executed: of this he has only a few hours notice, whether the punishment be capital, or otherwise. He is then delivered over as a public spectacle, and his offence made known, in a summary way, to the people.

The state trials are conducted with great secrecy. A *marked* person is picked up, in a manner, almost imperceptibly. He is tried, condemned, and executed, without the public suspecting any thing of the matter. If the offender be a person of descent, whose family would be disgraced by an ignominious death, he is brought into a certain apartment in the seats of justice, where he perceives a goblet standing on a table; and on one side of it, the figure of a woman, called the MAIDEN, larger than life, but of exquisite beauty and proportion: the person, whose office it is to attend, gives the criminal the choice of these, either of which is an inevitable fate. If to drink the contents of the goblet be his election, he has no sooner taken the potion, than the officer makes him a bow, and informs him he is at full liberty to go where he pleases. Of course, he makes the best of his way home; but the poison he has swallowed is of so active a nature, that he takes his death along with him, and has no other consolation than that of yielding up his life amidst his friends.—If the other be his choice, he advances to the figure, whose arms are, by secret spings, extended to receive him; and, just as he has reached the lips of this treacherous MAIDEN, he finds destruction in her embrace: he is locked fast in her grip, and finds innumerable lancets striking at his heart and vitals.

An involuntary horror seized me at the relation of this figure; not because I deem, on these occasions, a sudden death so terrible as the apparatus and shame of a public execution, but as it is abundantly more awful. I likewise regretted that this formidable instrument of justice should be represented under the form of a beautiful *female*: although it struck me, afterwards, as a pretty close symbol of the unsuspected mischiefs which are insidiously stored up by that faithless part of the sex, who convey, even with their endearments, a dagger into the heart—more pernicious in its effects, though more slow, than

the lancet of the Maiden, or the venom of the Goblet.

New Equestrian Establishment.

IT must afford singular satisfaction to our sporting readers, that the ART OF FARRIERY, which has been so many centuries neglected, should now be making such rapid strides to improvement. With the greatest pleasure we observe a kind of enthusiastic emulation seems to pervade the present system; and the general struggle between the most eminent practitioners, seems only to be, which shall render the most distinguished services to the public. The names of LAYTON, MOORCROFT, COLEMAN, JONES, and others, are too well and too deservedly known to render any eulogium necessary on our parts (through the medium of the press) either to applaud their indefatigable exertions, or to extend their popularity. In addition to these gentlemen, it must be admitted, Mr. TAPLIN has, with an unprecedented perseverance, followed up by example, the improvement originally inculcated and strenuously enforced in his publications, from which has been derived so much credit to himself, and so much advantage to the public.

Having, in the early part of this work, given a description of the VETERINARY COLLEGE, as an establishment promising much NATIONAL UTILITY, originating in *private*, and carried on by *public* subscription, assisted also by PARLIAMENTARY AID, we feel ourselves happy in the opportunity of reporting, to the most distant parts of the kingdom, what a structure has been raised within a few months, and what permanent advantages may be diffused, by the unremitting perseverance of an individual. Venturing to pronounce the plan, with its appendages, one of the most honourable to the feelings and professional abilities of the proprietor, we proceed to explain the intent and meaning of the establishment, which we have been induced accurately to ascertain, as matter of applicable information to our friends, more particularly as coming within the promised purport of our publication:

TAPLIN'S

Equestrian Receptacle, Subscription Repository, Medical Dispensary, and Operative Farriery,

Is a new and elegant building, in Edgeware Road, London, for horses at livery, sale upon commission by private contract, course of physic for the promotion of condition, cure of disease, shoeing in a superior style of excellence, ease and safety, as well as for every description of OPERATIVE FARRIERY, under a flattering patronage of the most distinguished characters, at a subscription of ONE GUINEA only, for *perpetual* admission to all its advantages, by which exclusion of the lower classes, noblemen and gentlemen only can possibly meet upon the premises.

The entrance is at a spacious gateway, terminating a lofty ride of one hundred and forty feet in length, supported by columns that form a grand and striking appearance. On the left hand is the dwelling-house, in a direct line behind which is the DISPENSARY FOR MEDICAL PREPARATIONS, with a window and door into the ride, for a more speedy and convenient communication with the different departments.

Farther

Farther down the ride, the stabling begins, and is continued with a great degree of taste and general convenience that has been rarely seen in the most expensive arrangements of this kind. On the right hand, in a corner which could not have been appropriated to a better use, is a pump, of the finest water in or near the metropolis, and over that a leaden reservoir, holding four hundred gallons of soft water, always given to the horses in preference to the former, more particularly to those who are invalids. The entrance to each distinct stable is by a door with sun fan-light embellishments, as we observe to dwelling-houses in the most fashionable squares of our metropolis. The first stable on the left, contains four stalls, which terminates with a door to pass into the next, which, being a six-stall stable, possesses the same advantage of passing into a five-stall; these including all on that side, though each of the three has its principal and centrical door for entrance from the ride also.

On the opposite side of the yard, the range of stabling, columns, doors, and windows, exactly correspond. At one end of the square, (facing you at your entrance,) is the operative farriery and shoeing shop, one of the handsomest and most comfortable, and convenient for the accommodation and ease of the animal in severe weather, that has perhaps ever been seen in the kingdom. Having sashed windows, and folding doors with fan lights, the horse, in frost or snow, is shod as warm as in his own stable. Over this part of the establishment, are the rooms for the servants, with the same corresponding uniformity, of sitting room in the middle, with bed-chambers on each side, so constructed for the convenience of readily hearing in the night, should any disquietude, noise, or misfortune, happen in the stables on either side. At the opposite extremity of the yard, facing the farriery, are boxes, or loose stables, neatly lined, for the reception of subjects labouring under *blisters*, *lameness*, or any disease that may require room or sequestration. REYNARD, (one of the first description) his moving habitation, and a profusion of TERRIERS, as part of the SPORTING *tout en semble*, follow of course.

Introducing thus much by way of conveying some idea of so laudable an establishment to our remote and distant friends, we conclude the description by inserting a list of the present SUBSCRIBERS, which we have solicited from the proprietor, for the purpose of holding forth, as a *criterion*, how far it is thought entitled to the confidence and patronage of the public.

SUBSCRIBERS.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Sandwich.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Carysfort.
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Scarborough.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Stawell.
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Mr. Hernon.
Mr. Baldwin.
Mr. Langton.
Mr. Weir.
Mr. Martineau.
Mr. George Davis,
&c. &c.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following may not be deemed foreign to your plan, I take the liberty of requesting you to give it a place, which will much oblige your old subscriber,

EDGAR.

Kent, Dec. 16, 1795.

In the church of the monastery of Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, in the county of Kent, there is a very remarkable tomb of Sir Robert De Shurland, who resided at Shurland, in this island, in the time of Edward the First, by whom he was created a Knight Banneret, for his gallant behaviour at the siege of Carlaverack, in Scotland. A cross-legged figure, in armour, with a shield on his left arm, like that of a Knight Templar, and is said to represent him, lies under a Gothic arch in the south wall, having an armed page at his feet, and on his right side, the head of a horse emerging out of the sea, as in the action of swimming. The monument has suffered much from a custom among the country people of cutting on it the initials of their names, by which the figure of the Knight is much defaced.

The vane on the tower of the church, is also in the figure of a horse's head. These have procured the building the name of the *horse church*. Various are the conjectures concerning the meaning of this horse. Some pretend it was to mark an excellency he possessed in the art of training horses to swim; and others, among whom is Philpot, suppose it alluded to a grant of wreck of the sea, bestowed on him by Edward the First, extending as far as he could reach with his lance, when mounted on his horse. But the

the popular solution is the following legend, which has been thus hitched into doggerel rhyme:

Of monuments that here they shew,
Within the church, we drew but two;
One an ambassador of Spain's,
The other, Lord Shurland's dust contains,
Of whom a story strange they tell,
And seemingly believe it well.
The Lord of Shurland, on a day,
Happ'ning to take a ride this way,
About a corpse observ'd a crowd,
Against their priest, complaining loud,
That he would not the service say
Till somebody his fee did pay.
On this, his lordship too did rave,
And threw the priest into the grave;
"Make haste, and fill it up," said he,
"We'll bury both without a fee."
But when he cooler grew, and thought
To what a scrape himself had brought,
Away he gallop'd to the bay
Where, at that time, a frigate lay,
With Queen Elizabeth on board,
When (strange to tell!) this hair-brain'd lord
On horse-back swam to the ship's side,
There told his tale, and pardon cry'd.
The grant, with many thanks, he takes,
And, swimming still, to land he makes:
But on his riding up the beach,
He an old woman meets, (a witch):
"This horse, which now your life doth save,"
Says she, "will bring you to the grave."
"You'll prove a liar," said my lord,
"You ugly hag." Then with his sword,
Acting a most ungrateful part,
The gen'rous beast stabb'd to the heart.
It happen'd, after many a day,
That, with some friends, he stroll'd that way;
And this strange story, as they walk,
Became the subject of their talk;
When, on the bank, by the sea-side,
"Yonder the carcase lies!" he cry'd.
As 'twas not far, he led them to't,
And kick'd the scull up with his foot,
When a sharp bone pierc'd through his shoe,
And wounded grievously his toe,
Which mortify'd: so he was kill'd,
And the hag's prophecy fulfill'd.
See there his cross-legg'd figure laid,
And, near his feet, the horse's head.
The tomb is of too old a fashion
To tally well with this narration;
But of the tale we could not doubt,
Nor put one Cicerone out.
'Tis a good moral hint, at least,
That gratitude's due to a beast.

Genuine familiar Epistle to Lady JEHU, *occasioned by a Sporting Adventure.*

MY DEAR ANT,

DREDFUL *non shillonce!* my poor deer Erle and I yure knees the Countiss! would yu beleef it! Oh Jehu Christy! ass we ware going two the razes—but my poor hart is broque—indeed—indeed—Ant the tuck our faton—Jon Do and Dick Ro, as my deer deer Erle cawls them—and the Broots—for broots the bare, turn uz oute, and ad it not bin for shea cart that was passin, yure nevu, yure Erle, and the knees, the Countiss, must ove hoofed it to the raze ground.

But az your Governesse old Mudder W——— r uzed to zay, trifles shud not wex zo my poor deer Erle and I went in shea cart to razes, and he didn't mind it a brass varden, and rode a mach 'gainst stable bouy and didn't win neather.

Wat to doo for want of faton I know not. Our caurnets ware on it too—and those durty velloes Jon Do and Dic Ro I'm avraid vil durt the carpet with their nasti veet—and the lucked soe nasti I feer the will it wid stayes.

We ware not long on raze grounde befoare we ware blone—every boddy new the deezastir, and won he grinn'd, and anudder ax'd vere vas de grays, and a turd sad it was no matter—and vorth zaid zomezing vere disrespectvull of U, and ow the nees wos ov a stamp wid de ant, az ow better luck kod not tend us.

I writes dis from the raze ground wile my deer Erle is rubbing down, and hopes to zee U in 2 dayes.

Yrs to cummand,
In Dutie
———

P. S. Xcuse pen ink and paipyr.

To

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the ſucceſs with which the following operation was attended, of any conſequence to your readers, I beg leave to tranſmit it, through the medium of your entertaining Magazine.

A game cock which is in my poſſeſſion, ſo overgorged himſelf that he could not ſtand; and had been ſo very ill for three days, that when I ſaw him, I did not expect he would live another hour; I therefore thought I would attempt opening his craw, (though I had very little hopes of ſucceſs, as his breath was ſo extremely fœtid that I could ſcarcely ſupport it), and I began in the following manner:

Having laid him on a ſoft cloth and cut away the feathers, I made an inciſion in the right ſide of the craw, about an inch and a quarter long; then holding him in a ſtanding poſture, I gently preſſed out a quantity of victuals, and cleaned the craw, firſt with my fingers, then with ſome milk and warm water; after I had finiſhed cleanſing it, I ſewed up the inciſion, anointed it with ſome ſweet oil, and gave him ſome inwardly. I fed him firſt with ſome bread and milk, then with grits, and, laſtly, with barley: by which time (being about a week), he was perfectly recovered.

I now beg leave to conclude, hoping I have not intruded on your patience; and remain,

Gentlemen,

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Dec. 15, 1795.

Extraordinary INSTANCE *of* MATERNAL AFFECTION, *in the ferocious* BEAR.

WHEN the Carcaſe frigate went out to make new diſcoveries towards the North Pole, ſeveral gentlemen, ſeamen and others, were eye-witneſſes, and bore teſtimony to the following natural incident:

Whilſt the above frigate was locked in the ice, early one morning the man at the maſt-head gave notice, that three bears were making their way very faſt over the frozen ocean, and were directing their courſe toward the ſhip. They had, doubtleſs, been invited by the ſcent of ſome blubber of a ſea-horſe the crew had killed a few days before, which had been ſet on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a ſhe-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the fleſh of the ſea-horſe that remained unconſumed, and ate it moſt voraciouſly. The crew, obſerving from the ſhip, threw out great lumps of the fleſh of the ſea-horſe, which they had ſtill left occaſionally upon the ice; which the old bear ventured for, and fetched away ſingly, and placed every lump before each cub as ſhe brought it, regularly dividing, gave each a ſhare, reſerving but a ſmall portion for herſelf. As ſhe was fetching away the laſt piece, ſome of the crew levelled their muſkets at the two cubs, and ſhot them both dead; and, in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally: which would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate regard and piteous concern expreſſed by this

this poor beaſt, in the dying moments of her expiring young:—although ſhe was ſo ſorely wounded, and could but faintly crawl to the place where they lay, ſhe carried them the laſt lump of fleſh ſhe had fetched away, as ſhe had done the others before, tore it into ſmall pieces, and placed it before them; and when ſhe ſaw that they refuſed to eat, ſhe laid her paws firſt upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raiſe them up. All this while, it was pitiful to hear her diſmal moan. When ſhe found ſhe could not ſtir them, ſhe went off, and, when at ſome diſtance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, ſhe returned, and, ſmelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She then went off a ſecond time, as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for ſome time ſtood aghaſt, horribly moaning; but ſtill her cubs not riſing to follow her, ſhe returned to them again, and, with evident ſigns of invincible and inexpreſſible fondneſs, went round the one and round the other repeatedly, pawing them, and moaning over them in piteous calamity. Finding, however, all her efforts ineffectual, and at length that they were cold and lifeleſs, ſhe raiſed her head towards the ſhip, and loudly growled a vehement curſe upon the murderers; which they inſtantly returned with a volley of muſket balls. The old bear immediately dropped; and ſhe fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſingular anecdote, without an obſervance that the white bear, of Greenland and Spitzbergen, is very conſiderably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fiſh and ſeals, and is not only ſeen upon *terra firma*, in the countries bordering on the north pole, but frequently, and often, on floats of ice ſeveral leagues out at ſea; and, moreover, is ſaid to poſſeſs more intuitive faculty and ſagacity than the other two concomitant ſpecies.

MARINUS.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

CONSIDERING the number of deplorable accidents which happen in this country, from the bites of *mad dogs*, I am induced to tranſmit, for inſertion in your Magazine, the following article, which I have been at the trouble of tranſlating from a French publication, printed at Paris in the year 1775. I do not preſume to determine how far the recipe, here preſcribed, bears any analogy to that which is uſually adopted, for the cure of thoſe objects who may be ſo unhappy as to labour under the ſymptoms of canine madneſs; but, from the tried ability of the perſon who firſt diſcovered it, I am rather inclined to believe a ſalutary effect might be derived from its application.

Your conſtant reader

Stockport, B. M.
Dec. 16, 1795.

" A government, attentive to the welfare of a nation, never neglects an occaſion of promoting the happineſs of the people. As a proof, our miniſters have ordered a recipe and cure, for the melancholy effects reſulting from the bite of a MAD WOLF, to be made public. The recipe has been diſcovered by Monſieur De Laponne;

Laponne; by him it was recommended to the comptroller-general, who appointed Monsieur Blais, physician of the province, to try the effects of this recipe in various stages of the disease, on some of the inhabitants of the Maconnois, who had been bitten by a mad wolf. It proved infallible in the cure of the disease. The mode prescribed for the cure is as follows:

If the person bit is of an healthy, sanguine constitution, and signs of madness have appeared, immediately order a clyster or two to cleanse the *prima via.* After which, let the patient be bled once or twice in the arm or foot, then let his feet be bathed evening and morning an hour in warm water; indeed if the whole body was plunged into luke-warm water, it would be more useful.

Afterwards, wash the wound with water lue-warm, after having flung a great quantity of sea-salt into it; this must be attended to strictly, particlularly at first, and it should be continued whilst the wound wants cleansing.

If the wound is large, the flesh much torn and ragged, or bruised, in such cases, make deep scarifications, in order to clear the wound of those pieces of foul flesh; bathe the wound immediately after with salt-water, lue-warm, but if sal almoniac can be procured, and diluted in water, it would be preferable.

If any domestic animal should be bit, instead of scarifying, burn the wound with a red-hot iron; this practice, even for the human species, is much preferable, only the operation is more painful.

After the above operations have been performed, anoint slightly the wound round the edges with a mercurial unguent, or pomatum; repeat this every twenty-four hours. Then dress the wound with a suppurative ointment, or the oil of basilicon. But if any other ointment is applied, it ought to have the mild qualities recited. Apply this dressing twice a day, and wash the wound clean with salt-water, lue warm.

It is necessary to keep the body open by daily clysters, and mix in them a large spoonful of honey, and two spoonfuls of vinegar, to prevent a salivation; besides, every fourth or fifth day a gentle purge, and a vomit occasionally.

The patient may take, every morning and evening, a table spoonful of wine, with twenty-four or twenty-five drops of eau-de-luce in it; if this should agitate the spirits too much, give a less quantity. If the patient is inclined to perspire, encourage it, (but not by any uncommon heat,) and decline the eau-de-luce.

The following bolus is to be administered daily: four ounces of camphire, two grains of musk, six grains of powdered nitre, incorporated in a little honey. In case the patient is restless, a sleepy draught may be given, but not repeated.

The drink for the patient should be frequently of an infusion made from the flowers of the linden-tree, or of the leaves of the orange-tree, sweetened with honey sharpened with a little vinegar.

In case a person should have been bit for some time, and no care taken, when he refuses to drink, then administer a clyster made of the above bolus, diluted in the above infusion every three or four hours. Make use also of the sleepy draught for a clyster, as well as of the infusion sweetened with honey, and the eau-de-luce.

If the patient cannot ſwallow the purgative powder, ſubſtitute it into a clyſter.

The chief diet of the patient ſhould be by no means heating, wherefore the vegetable kinds are preferred. Milks of all kinds are detrimental. This regimen muſt be attended to until the wound is perfectly healed.

The mercurial friction round the lips of the wound: the bolus antiſpaſmodic; the drink, with the *eau-de-luce*, the purges as above recited, muſt be continued a full month to ſecure the patient from any relaſpe, and even longer, if the wound is deep.

Notwithſtanding the above operations, if the wound does not heal kindly, then let the patient take, for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, every two hours, three large ſpoonfuls of a decoction made from the Jeſuit's bark. But if a heavineſs, a melancholy, or langour of ſpirits ſhould attend the patient, (a caſe which frequently happens,) then let the patient have three doſes of Jeſuit's bark, in powder, every day for eight or ten days ſucceſſively.

The burning cauſtic ſhould be applied to the wounds of all domeſtic animals, then the lotions; but treble the frictions of the mercurial ointment; alſo liquid turpentine. Let the animal drink often of honey-water, ſharpened with vinegar; give likewiſe the purgatives; the animal ſhould be kept ſeparate from any of his ſpecies, ta leaſt ſix weeks.

Note. Animals which have ſtrong ſigns of madneſs apparent, are not worthy of attention.—The expence, as well as danger of attempting a cure, being conſiderable."

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE not plagued you ſome time, I wiſh now the inſertion of the following in your next.

EXTEMPORE *to a Gentleman and his Brother, inviting them to the Conſecration of a* YEOMAN STANDARD, *and a ſubſequent Ball, Dec.* 31, 1795.

"Pro aris et focis." MILITIA MOTTO.
"*For our religion and property.*"
BUT WAGGISHLY TRANSLATED
"*For hares and foxes.*"

CANST thou, dear Richard! quit the ſcented field,
With all the ſport, thick wood and Coteſwolds yield?
Canſt thou reſign the ſoftly-ſaid—"ſoho!"
And more enchanting din of—"tallio!"
Rein then thy courſer to our field of Mars,
A field, indeed, of pleaſure, not of ſcars;
Yet by THIS field YOUR rural ſports ſhall live,
And all the ſweets* that laws with freedom give:
†Maneroe's ſnowy arm the ſtaff will bear,
And raiſe the new-born ſtandard in the air.
But ah! forbear to truſt thy am'rous eyes
In her ſweet face, lurk Cupids in diſguiſe.
Come, with good will, our pageant rites to ſee,
And take your tweedle-dum and tweedledee;
We'll ſhew you maids, wives, widows, (lovely belles!)
One ſhape—*all* ſizes, Gemmen!—pleaſe yourſelves.
See with what elegance they ſtalk the room!
From Afric's plumage nodding rich perfume.
Indeed we cannot rouſe you hares and foxes,
But ſurely better fare are—pretty doxes.

On the approaching Nuptials of a Young Lady, with a Mr. Grey, found in a very old Manuſcript.

WITH all the blooming ſweetneſs in thy face,
With beauty, radiant as the god of day,
With active limbs—ſhape—elegance, and grace,
With *all* theſe teſts of youth—thoul't ſoon be GREY.

* Vide the above motto †Miſs Blank.

Gentle-

Gentlemen, I have juſt read your laſt Number, and am well pleaſed with a letter on Fox-hunting, ending with bag-foxes. Now, Gentlemen, I wiſh to ſay (though *I* like that ſport with harriers), that I often attend ſeveral neighbours who turn ſuch out (no fox-hounds near our hills being kept); but an illiberal cuſtom prevails, which *I* never allowed, of collecting of every one half a crown.—Enormous! as thirty or forty horſemen are often out; and, as a liberality ſhould ever attend maſters of hounds, all denominations of attendants, 'ſquires, clergy, farmers, ſhould give what they pleaſe, or give not. It has been ſuſpected, ſometimes, that this depoſit is ſufficient to pay the purchaſe, as well as huntſman's fees. My neighbouring curate, though fond of hunting, is ſo drained by this exaction, that, poor fellow! he now comes on foot.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

CAPT. SNUG.

Fairy Camp,
Jan. 11, 1796.

Mr. SPILLARD, *the celebrated Pedeſtrian Traveller.*

ABOUT the middle of laſt month arrived in London, from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, Mr. Spillard, the celebrated pedeſtrian traveller.

This ſingular character has been out near twelve years, and has travelled on foot, during that time, the diſtance of ſixty-nine thouſand miles and upwards; through all Europe, a great part of Aſiatic Turkey, through Barbary, up to Macquinez and Fez, in Morocco, and through the Arabs country.

For a more full and accurate account of this gentleman's pedeſtrian performances, we refer our readers to vol. 5. p. 29.

Mr. Spillard, in attempting to get to England, has unfortunately been twice captured by French privateers, out of Charleſtown, and ſtripped of every thing valuable about him; but had the good fortune to ſave his journals and notes, which are intended ſhortly for publication.—He came to England in his Majeſty's ſhip the Thiſbe, through the recommendation of his royal highneſs Prince Edward, at Halifax.

EXPERIMENTS *on* GLANDERED HORSES, *made by the late* M. SAINBEL, *at the Veterinary School, at Lyons. Extracted from the Works of that ingenious Profeſſor.*

EXPERIMENT VII.

AS the efficacy of Æthiop's mineral and periwinkle, in the glanders, hac been much ſpoken of, I embraced the firſt opportunity to make trial of the virtue of each.

Three hackney coach-horſes, eight, nine, and eleven years old, affected with the glanders nearly in the ſame degree, were treated in the following manner:—

1ſt, they were all three prepared for evacuation, with white water and emollient clyſters: a purge was then given them, compoſed of one ounce of aloes, two drams of ſweet mercury, two ditto of jalap, two ditto of cream of tartar; the whole mixed with honey. The next day they evacuated pretty well.

The 3d day, they took one ounce of Æthiop's mineral, and one ounce of powder of periwinkle.

The

The 4th, they were trepanned on one side; the cavities of the head were injected with vulnerary water; the Æthiop's mineral, and periwinkle powder, was continued to all the three, to the 10th day; and the injection was the same as on the 4th.

The 11th, the purge was administered, as before-mentioned.

The 12th, they purged very well.

The 13th and 14th, all medicine was suspended, except the injection.

The 15th, they returned to the use of Æthiop's and periwinkle.—The course of medicine was the same till the end of the 24th day.

The 25th and 26th, no medicines were administered; but white waters and clysters were given. At that period, the running of matter was diminished in one; but it was increased in the two others.

The 27th, they took the usual medicine.

The 28th, they purged rather too much.

The 29th, they seemed dejected, dull, and disgusted with food. I therefore suspended all operations till the 35th, when I repeated the injections.

On the 36th, the appetite came again.

On the 37th, the Æthiop's, periwinkle, and injection, were continued, to the 45th. The 46th and 47th, I left them quiet. The running diminished sensibly in the first: it had even disappeared for three days; but it continued still, in the two others. The lymphatic glands were in the same degree of fulness.

The 48th, the medicine was given them; but the jalap was omitted, in order to substitute in its place three drams of nitre.

The 49th, one of the three purged very little; the other two, not at all. They seemed very dull, nauseated their food, and more changed than usual. I ascribed those symptoms to inflammation in the stomach and intestines, occasioned by the use of the medicines. In consequence of this, I left them quiet till the 58th day.

On the 60th, I renewed the use of Æthiop's and periwinkle; which was continued to the 70th. At the end of that time, the glanders appeared to me to be incurable in the two last; they therefore were killed. On opening their nostrils, I discovered nothing new: the pituitary membrane was ulcerated, as in most of those I had already opened: the pleura and the lungs seemed to be sensibly inflamed: the inflammation was greater in the villous membrane of the stomach, in the pilorus, and the smaller intestines. The first horse seemed to be in a fair way of recovery: the matter was transparent, and in small quantity: I soon found means to suppress the running altogether, by injections of prime lime-water. The usual medicines were continued till the 96th. The next day, the Æthiop's and periwinkle were discontinued; but the animal was still purged three times in the space of a month. I then returned him to his master, seemingly in very good health; but he sent him back to me at the end of two months, with every appearance of the glanders. I renewed the former treatment for the space of six weeks, to no purpose. The animal was then killed and opened: I discovered many cankers in the pituitary membrane, and found that many had been cicatrized by means of the injections.—If, as I had reason to think, all those which now appeared were new ones, it proves that the seat of the glanders is not local, but exists generally in the mass of humours.

EXPERIMENT

EXPERIMENT VIII.

Four fine cart-horses, having caught the glanders on the road from Nismes to Lyons, were brought to the veterinary school. I put them upon the same treatment as I have just described, without obtaining better success. They were killed at the expiration of two months. The dissection of their bodies furnished nothing deserving of notice.

(To be continued.)

The LONGING WIDOW.

A common Case.

HOW seldom do we profit by advice, but when it coincides with our own prepossessions, or prejudice!

A buxom widow was seized with a violent longing for the re-enjoyment of the comforts of matrimony; and John, her *trusty* servant, was the happy object of her choice. To satisfy her doubts, however, as to the propriety of this step, she resolved to consult the Curate of the parish, between whom the following *pertinent* conversation passed.

Widow, doubtingly. I am not too old to enter once more into the holy bands of wedlock.

Curate. Get married.

Widow, modestly. People may say, perhaps, that my spouse is much too young for me.

Curate. Then do *not* marry.

Widow, longingly. Yet he would help me to manage my farm.

Curate. Marry him.

Widow. I am afraid, however, lest he should despise me.

Curate. Do *not* marry then.

Widow. People on all hands take advantage, and impose upon a *poor* forlorn widow.

Curate. Get *married by all means!*

Widow. But then——

Curate. What then!

Widow. Suppose, (and it is not at all unlikely) he should get great with some of *my maids?*

Curate. Do not get married by any means.

The poor widow rendered more uncertain than ever by these dubious responses, begged his decisive answer. He (that nothing might be left to hazard in so delicate a point) desired her to consult the bells, which were then ringing. In doing this, she heard, or *thought* she heard them, incessantly repeat, (there being five bells)——*Marry thy man, John!* ——*Marry thy man, John!* She accordingly married John, and soon had cause to repent of her bargain, as John was fond of *sport*, he frequently went out a *poaching* on other people's *premises*. The old woman suspecting some *clandestine* proceedings, watched his *haunts*, which she one night discovered! —Now, gentle reader, don't let your ideas *run* too fast, or very probably you may find yourself at *fault*, or *thrown out*,——but what did she *discover*, you may say?— Be calm, and I'll quickly *discover* the discovery that the old damsel had discovered, which was neither more nor less, than John being in *ambush* with Lucy, the waiting *maid*; he was soon *unkennelled*, and the old woman ran away, open-*mouthed*, in *full cry* to the *Curate*: —"How," (*cried* she to the Curate, among other reproaches,) "could you leave me to so fallacious an oracle as the bells?"— "You misunderstood them," replied the priest; "Listen to them once more!—Well, what do they say now?"—Ah! they speak truth, now; Oh! that they had done so before;

before; they certainly do ſay, marry *not* thy man, John: marry *not* thy man, John."

LITTLE B.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MESSIEURS EDITORS,

THE readineſs with which you ſeem to give place to whatever bears any analogy to the plan of your work, has induced me to ſend you a few obſervations on the propoſed *dog tax.*—I have noticed the ſentiments of many of your correſpondents on this ſubject, which all appear to be on one ſide the queſtion, and therefore ſhall hazard my opinion on the other; not at all doubting, but that your uſual candour will freely give me a corner.

I am perfectly in the ſentiments of the Rev. Dr. Barry, (quoted in your laſt Number) particularly where he ſays, that "even the *very mention* of a *tax* requires an apology." It is very likely while this war continues, and even for ſome years after it is ended, (if by the time it ends it leaves us any thing to conſider) the conſideration of what new taxes to introduce, and what old taxes to augment, will be a ſubject of arduous ſpeculation to government. It is eaſier to ſpeculate than to ſupport.

A tax upon dogs, has often been recommended, and often propoſed in parliament. And I cannot ſay I am much more anxious for its future ſucceſs, than I was grieved for its paſt failure, "*that is leſs than little.*"

I am not very fond of the thought of taxing *other* animals, and that with *exterminating* vengeance, to ſupport the enormity of expence attendant upon that evil which man brings upon man;—that calamity moſt comprehenſive of all general evil—WAR.

I am not ſatisfied with the humanity, the juſtice, or the policy of depriving the poor of an unchangeable, and frequently an only friend: and taxing thoſe of the middle claſs of fortune, taxed abundantly already, for the luxury of keeping a play-fellow to their children, which may be made an early and effectual, becauſe unobtruded leſſon of benevolence to the opening mind; a pleaſing companion to themſelves, if ſolitary, and a faithful defender of their property.

As to their *numbers*, and the food which they *conſume*, a fair inveſtigation, I apprehend, would prove, that both are enormouſly overcalculated in the extract which appeared in you laſt Magazine.

The propoſed liberty given to *kill* thoſe who did not carry about their necks the badge of taxation, is a propoſal repugnant to every principle of humanity. Cruelty and outrage are ſooner learnt than unlearnt. Inconſiderate propoſals may eaſily add fuel to theſe bad propenſities; and the greateſt wiſdom and exertion may be found inadequate to remove the effects.

But if there were to be a tax, ſurely it is not equitable or expedient that the reverſe of the ſyſtem ſtated to have been adopted in the *Iſle of Man* ſhould be adopted; and that *ſporting* dogs ſhould be taxed *lower* than common dogs.

The article ſets out in propoſing a tax as an expedient of revenue: very juſtly obſerving, that *in the preſent circumſtances of this country, the very mention of a tax requires*

quires an apology, and that it is offered as a substitute only, for others more exceptionable and less productive.

With respect to the idea of a substituted tax, I see little prospect that any of the present taxes will be taken off while the war lasts, and I should think that if there *is* to be a tax of this kind, in any shape, *that* would be least objectionable and most productive which would fall upon those who in general could best afford it; and who would not destroy the *dogs* rather than be burthened with the tax.

If it be said this tax would be negatived: may be so. I am not proposing it; nor any other tax. I am only remarking that it would less deserve to be negatived than a tax imposed on any other description of these ill-requited animals.

I suspect it would be found there is a very great *deerease* of every kind but the sporting dogs. To these I am no enemy, though I have not the least interest in the amusement; which I leave to be defended by its admirers. But it seems strange that such as are desirous of the tax, with a view to its productiveness, should wish it to be most light where it would be most productive.

The bite of a mad dog is indeed dreadful; but I believe a much rarer calamity, beyond comparison, than is imagined. And I do not think a tax would be the best means of obviating this evil.

I believe Dr. Barry to be an ingenious and a humane man: but I do not think he seems to have considered this question as attentively as it seems to me to require.

Your's, &c.

Dec. 4, 1795. HUMANITUS.

ENOCH DISGRACED.

A BRIMSTONE hot, loyal son of the forge, commonly called a blacksmith, at Staley-bridge, near Ashton-under-Line, (being stimulated more by interest than idleness) lately erected an instrument, on the opposite side of his anvil, to which he gave the name of *Enoch*, who was to do the duty of a labourer, by assisting him in turning horse-shoes, and doing other strong work. And as the nature of this one-arm assistant required neither meat, drink, washing, nor even a bed to lie down upon, honest Vulcan promised himself no small advantage. All things being now ready, in order to try the operation, he puts a piece of iron into the fire, and pours forth a copious blast of wind, sufficient to have supplied all the bagpipes in Scotland to play the *Reels of Bogy* for a fortnight. After about ten minutes nods and puffs, the smith takes the iron from the fire, and lays it upon the anvil, and, by a tip of the tradle, *Enoch* instantly obeyed the signal; when unfortunately the blacksmith holding his head rather low, honest *Enoch struck his master on the face*; which unlucky stroke threw poor Vulcan on his back: after lying a few minutes he recovered a little, and presented a most frightful spectacle; the gnomon of his face stood awry, all besmeared with crimson gore.

As soon as he recovered the use of his speech, he broke out into this exclamation, "*G—-d d—d thee Enoch, boh I'll gi' theh bonds, for theaw's soon gotten shut o'nhy prentyship weh meh; thoose mey tay thee ot win, for I'll ha' no mooar' thy sarvis.*"

Thus poor *Enoch* fell under ir-

retrievable

retrievable disgrace at the time he was yielding implicit *obedience* to the dictates of his *master*.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the present rage for *crops* has furnished a wonderful fund of wit for the *punster* to work upon, it may, perhaps, be considered in some degree entertaining to your readers to lay before them the following:

For instance: one wit says—"Considering the quantity *cut down*, there are still great crops." Another says——"Notwithstanding the warm weather, the crops are *backward*. A third observes —"The crops promise well, if we may judge from the *ears*." While another says, that "Though the crops looks well, there is *nothing* in the *head*;" and a most shrewd and cautious wag tells us, that, "To his particular knowledge, the crops will not bear *threshing*."

Now, after all this wit and waggery, may we not enquire, what an observer from the woods would think of *a man with a queue?*—Certainly, unless in that particular colony, which Lord Montoddo so sensibly describes, the human figure was not naturally gifted with a tail. Did any man of *fashion*, after sitting for two hours under the hands of a *frizeur*, ever pause to think what sort of exhibition his head must make in the eyes of a man of *nature?*

How would a statue look with a queue? Nay, when a coxcomb has so little taste as to have his picture drawn with his hair dressed in the mode for the time being, what does he do with the portrait a year or two afterwards, when the fashion changes?—*Hide* it, for fear of being laughed at!

Whenever an artist of taste and genius desires to give dignity to his subject, he boldly departs from the silly bondage of fashion, and imitates, in his painting or sculpture of the human head, the attractive simplicity of nature. A more certain way than any of the modern inventions, to make even Shakespeare appear ridiculous, would be, to discover in some *old trunk* his portrait *queued and powdered.*—We smile at the conceit of such a caricature!

Yet what the mind's true taste confesses to be absurd, what would disgust us in the cold and inanimate semblance of man in marble, we adhere to in the daily practice of life; and when some men of unsophisticated taste, rise above the degrading folly of a bad custom, they are made the objects, as we see, of every trifling punster.

As to the economy of the thing, the time daily saved to the individual, and the grain thus rescued from the head for the use of the belly, these are considerations infinitely below the notice of a jester. There is not a single person of plain sense, however, who does not sigh for the time when nature shall so far recover her ascendance in our hemisphere, as that he may be suffered to pass along the streets like a *man*, and not be forced to disguise himself like a *monkey!*

The following are an addition to the *corps* of *crops*, which I perceive were given in your Sporting Intelligence of last month:

Lord Clermont
—— Albemarle
—— Ongley
—— Falkland
—— Villiers
—— Thanet

Right

Right Hon. C. J. Fox
Hon. Augustus Butler
—— Mr. Bligh
—— Mr. North
—— Cha. Windham
—— Skirmish Bligh
Mr. R. Walpole
—— Montgomery
—— Cavendish Bradshaw
—— Delme
—— Greathead
—— Tierney
—— Wingfield
—— R. Adair
—— Sparrow
—— Herbert
—— Howard; and

EMIGRE CROPS.

Duke de Gadagne
Conste Belnazee.

Of these Mr. Fox and many others have not cut of their hair, but left off the use of powder; and, in my opinion, they deserve the thanks of their country for the example.

I am,
Gentlemen,
Jan. 3, 1796. Your's truly,
AN UNPOWDERED CROP.

PROSTITUTES; *a Fragment.*

THERE are those who maintain, that female prostitutes are necessary to good order, and they argue from the necessity, that a few should be sacrificed for the good of the community at large. —If there were not prostitutes, and brothels, say they, no man's house would be sacred from the violation of lust and brutality.— It is thus they defend the police of those cities, where brothels are allowed, by government, and regulated by laws.

If those arguments be founded in wisdom, they are worthy the attention of the legislature, for public prostitution has increased, and is daily increasing, with the most alarming enormity. What a source of idleness, wickedness, and disease! Our legislature has ordained laws for punishing these women, — laws as cruel as they are impolitic: cruel, because they are made by men—by the very seducers: — cruel, because these women are not objects of punishment, but of charity and compassion: they are impolitic, because the true end of policy is not punishment of offences, but the prevention of them.

Prostitutes have very improperly been styled, *women of pleasure*; they are women of pain, of sorrow, of grief, of bitter and continual repentance, without a hope of obtaining pardon. Cut off from society, they become desperate: yet, let it be remembered, that he whose example should be followed by Christians, has shewn, that their sins are to be forgiven. Yonder goes a wretch all covered with rags; she stoops to take up a piece of toast, that has been thrown into the street from a porter pot; she devours it with a rapacious appetite, yet her father was a religious and benevolent clergyman: he was thrown into gaol, on a security he entered into for a friend, where he died of a broken heart, on hearing that his patron had debauched his daughter. — A fresh-looking girl of eighteen passes her; her ruddy complexion and youth are all her qualities, and these an old woman, who hired her at a register-office, bartered with an old antiquated Jew for a few guineas.— How languid and pale are the beautiful features of yonder woman; she is in the hands of bailiffs, who are dragging her to prison: her father served his country, so did her husband; but they both dead, to support two infants, she sold all she possessed: from affection to them she surrendered her virtue, surrendered it

to the intimate of her husband, who has abandoned her. These are the causes of prostitution; these are the crimes crying to Heaven for vengeance.

EXTRA SPORTING.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING

BEGINS on Monday, 1st of February, 1796; unless prevented by frost or snow, in which case the meeting will be held the first open Monday in February, but not after.

Monday, February 1st—*Igborow.*
Tuesday, 2d—*Westacre.*
Wednesday, 3d—*Smee.*
Thursday, 4th—*Second Smee.*
Friday, 5th—*Second Westacre.*
Saturday, 6th.

A genuine Biographical SKETCH *of the Life and Adventures of Mr.* R--H--D EN-L--D.

(Continued from page 144.)

MR. En-l--d's style of living soon reached Dublin, and, coming to the knowlede of his old mistress, she resolved to cross the seas, and visit her lover.—Necessity, as well as affection, stimulated her to this resolution; for, on Dick's departure, the girls, who were of the vulgar class, became disobedient and rebellious: the bullies, the bucks, and bloods, invaded her habitation; drank her wine without paying the reckoning, bilked her nymphs, and often exercised manual chastisement upon herself, till the frequency of nocturnal riots having roused the neighbourhood, and brought down upon her the vengeance of magistracy.—To avoid punishment, she sold off her portable furniture, and left the remainder for the landord, slipping the key under the street door, the night previous to her embarkation for Liverpool.

The meeting between Mr. En-l--d and his mistress, was very serious, for she was the last person in the world he wished to see. He had formed an amourous connexion in London. He had money sufficient to command the favours of the most elegant demireps; and his old companion could not boast of a single attribute of body or mind to attract any man who had the use of his eyes and ears; besides which, the violence of her temper was truly diabolical; her affection for drink, particularly spirits, was unconquerable; and, as she forgot all prudence on those occasions, there was every reason to suppose she would disclose Mr. En-l--d's secrets, and perhaps exaggerate, in her rage, upon his former exploits. For these reasons, he resolved to get rid of the shrew; he reasoned against her complaints, but words were ineffectual. A considerable sum, however, prevailed on her to return to Ireland, where she supplied with brandy those scources of tears which her griefs extracted, and, in a very short time, her vitals were consumed by liquid fire.

Mr. En-l--d being now emancipated from the trammels of his shrew, and having already acquired a considerable sum by private play, in the arts and science of which he had long been a perfect adept, resolved on making a public figure on the turf, but not till he had been previously initiated into all the mysteries known in the arcana of jockies, grooms, and breeders, with whom he had some time formed

formed

formed an intimacy. His first appearance in this line, which was at York, was, however, attended with a very disagreeable adventure. A butcher, who was also a frequenter of the turf, and vain of his athletic powers and knowledge of boxing, settled a quarrel upon him, and, in the course of exchanging foul language, threw out several hints; which, after Mr. En-g--d had withdrawn from the hazard-table, where the quarrel originated, the slaughterer of cattle boldly and publicly explained to mean nothing less than a charge on his antagonist, of having frequently ridden upon the road, for—more purposes than one.

This alarming calumny being reported to Mr. En-l--d, he resolved on exemplary satisfaction; and, meeting the traducer of his fame next morning, in the coffee-house, convinced him he was not the strongest man in the place, by beating him almost to a jelly, closing up both his eyes, and forcing him to confess, that the facts with which he had vilified his character, were false, and of his own invention.

The spirit, strength, and agility, which Mr. En-l--d evinced, on this occasion, effectually silenced his enemies from animadverting on his conduct, or bringing forward retrospective transactions; but as the confession of the butcher was forced from him while suffering torture, it by no means eradicated the impression made. Several persons, who had never read the Marquis of Beccaria's Treatise on Crimes and Punishments, thought, with that great and humane writer, that confessions, extorted by pain, are not to be depended on, and gave more credit to the butcher's charge at the hazard-table, than to his denial at the coffee-room.

Mr. En-l--d now got into high play; but he could not get into good company, except at the public tables and tennis courts. At the latter places, he met with some pigeons worth plucking, particularly the Hon. Mr. Da—r, who, a few years ago, shot himself at Stacie's. This gentleman often played at tennis with Sir W. Dr—r and other gentlemen, of equal honour, for amusement and exercise only: he one day, at an unpropitious moment (not knowing his company), played tennis with En--l- d, who complimented Mr. Da—r on the use of his racket, adding, that he would not encounter him again, unless he gave him odds, &c.

The experienced man of the world will readily credit Dick for finesse; for, though he lost a few guineas, he could have won to a certainty. Such is the mutability of human nature, that Mr. Da—r, who, we are warranted to assert, would not have walked round Ranelagh with him, or had him at his table, for a thousand pounds; yet, by constantly playing with him, at last fell a victim to his deep-laid stratagem.

En-l--d, with more of the black-legs, sent to Paris for the first tennis-player in the world. The Frenchman was let into the system: that was, sometimes to lose; but, when he had the *office** given him by En-l--d, he was then to win.

Mr. En-l--d was all this time nursing the unsuspicious Mr. D—r; for, while Dick was seemingly backing Mr. Da—r for fifty, and sometims a hundred guineas a set,

* A signal given, as agreed on previous to their playing, either by displaying a white or red handkerchief, or taking their hat off, and various other signs, as might be preconcerted.

Mr.

Mr. Da—r was losing three, four, and sometimes five thousand guineas in a day: and with such blind avidity did he pursue this destructive game, that he found himself a loser of near forty thousand guineas. At last, he found it prudent to resist the propensity to play with those infernal demons, who, after they had so plundered him, were constantly in Tilney-street, requesting payment. Mr. Da—r offered them post-obits, bonds, or, in short, the best security he could then offer, his father (M———n, now Earl of D——e) being alive. No: they would have cash. Mr. Da—r could not find it, but (to his high sense of honour be it told) he threw himself at his father's feet. The worthy parent weighed the matter well, and sent his steward from M———n Abbey, with power to pay every shilling, though he knew his son had been cheated of every guinea. When, oh! dreadful to relate!—when the venerable steward arrived in town, he had the heart-rending agony to hear, that his young and amiable master (the evening before, at Stacie's hotel), prior to putting the pistol to his temple, sent for five or six wh—es, and a man, well known about the Garden, called Blind Burnett, a fidler: and, while they were in the act of dancing and singing, he sent himself to "that bourne from which no traveller e'r return'd."

As our hero had given up his attention to billiard-tables, unless a *flat* was known to be fond of the game, his time was divided in the following manner—for the *hublic good:*

Tennis in the morning; or riding out to find a pigeon. Dining at seven, (for he aped the great world). The dinner over, a little play (for trifles) would be proposed, by a *friend* that always dropped in by *accident*; and, some *how* or *other*, the company generally lost all their money.

Mr. En-l--d carried on two games at the tennis-court, with equal success: he applied to the purses of those who played, and to the heart of the proprietor's daughter, which, after a short siege, surrendered to him at discretion.

This lady he carried to his house, where she passed for his wife, and, as such, he introduced her even to his most intimate acquaintance:—among these, was Mr. Mahon, a gentleman well known in the list of gallantry and gambling, and formed by nature for succeeding in each. Mahon has a genteel person, insinuating manner, and polite address: he sings with sweetness, sensibility, and taste; understands music, and converses agreeably on tea-table topics; though, in point of literature, reading and writing English (and that not well) is all he can boast.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

SEVERAL persons have already left off *snuff-taking*, in consequence of the additional duty on tobacco, observing, that they have no idea of *paying through the nose* for the expence of the war.

An Irishman, hearing that the first intimation of a partner having *two millions* to the late loan, was given to the Lord Mayor by his *barber*, said, "By J—s, if he did not reward him for his intelligence, he deserved to be WELL *lathered*."

The

The fishmongers are apprehensive, under the new bills, whether it is safe to sell *pikes.*

The worthy Chamberlain of London approves of Messrs. Pitt and Grenville's bills for preventing treasonable and seditious meetings, by limitting the *number* of persons who are to meet. He says, he always found that *forty-five* was quite sufficient.

An Irish gentleman, on hearing of the additional duty about to be laid on pleasure horses, exclaimed, "By J—s, then, I will sell my poney immediately, and the next *horse* I buy shall be a *mule!*"

A sailor's wife lately received a letter from Portsmouth, signifying that her *husband* had taken a French *fleet*, and was in pursuit of several others!—Of a piece with this, was a letter written by the wife of a French sailor, a native of Gascony. "My husband," said she, "is gone to sea again; the English, therefore, have nothing to do, but to take care of themselves; for he has vowed vengeance against them, and he was *always* as good as his word."

A few years ago, the Isle of Sheppy was considered as but one parish, and, being thinly inhabited, and the clergyman's salary not very large, he visited them but once a month. This they complained of to the clerk, who, telling his master, was desired to acquaint them, that, if they would add *ten pounds* a year to his benefice, *he would come once a fortnight.* The farmers held a meeting on this offer, and unanimously agreed in the answer, which was—*if he would abate them ten pounds a year in their tythes, they would excuse his coming at all.*

In almost all religious wars, the contending powers have occasionally offered up prayers to heaven for their own success, and the extirpation of their enemies; and each party have generally added, "*According to the justness of our cause*, O, Lord! help us," &c. Considering that the cause of *both parties* cannot be *precisely just*, it would perhaps be quite as judicious, and somewhat more modest, to adopt the language, or at least the spirit, of an old *Scotch* woman, who was a sutler in the Duke of Marlborough's army. It so happened, that this faithful follower of the camp was one evening talking to a venerable sister of the same profession, but not of the same country, on the probable consequences of an engagement expected to be fought between the two armies the next morning.—"Well," says the English sutler, "well, it will certainly be a most bloody battle; and all I have to say, is, *May God stand by the right!*"—"De'el pick out your eyne for your wacked wish!" replied the *Scotch* one: "God stand by Hamilton's regiment, *reight* or *wrang!*"

It has lately been remarked, by an Irish gentleman, that the House of *Industry*, in Dublin, is filled with persons who are all past their *labour*.

The following is literally copied from an Irish paper.

"To Hercules Langrish, Esq.—Sir, you said, in the House of Commons, that, in support of the present war, a man should part with his *last* guinea to secure the *rest.* I have followed your advice. I have

I have parted with my *last* guinea; and I find that I can't get a single potatoe for the rest. Your advice, Sir, will oblige your humble servant,

"THADY O'DOWD."

The fashions of the present day fully justify Pope's opinion of the fair sex, when he describes them as "pleased with a *feather* — tickled with a *straw*."

A man was last month examined before a magistrate, and being proved guilty of some petty crime, was told, that, if he chose to serve the King, his punishment should be dispensed with. The man asked the magistrate, "in what way?" —"Why," replied his worship, "what countryman are you?"— "Irish, an' please your honour!" —"Have you ever been at sea?" "Have I ever been at sea! Why, does your worship's worship think I was *trundled* over from my own country in a *wheelbarrow*?"

Periwigs were introduced here, from France, about the end of the reign of the elder James, but not much used till after the Restoration. At first, they were of an immense size, in large flowing curls, as we see them in Westminster-Abbey.— Lord Bolingbroke, it is said, was the first who tied them up in knots, as counsellors wear them. This was esteemed so great an undress, that, when his lordship first went to court in a *wig* of this fashion, Queen Anne was offended, and said to those about her, "This *man* will come, next court-day, in his *nightcap*."

A *legal* gentleman, who for a considerable time, paid his addresses to the daughter of a gentleman in Holborn, was a few days ago forbidden the house; on which he immediately sent in a bill of 91*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for *two hundred and seventy-five* attendances on *family affairs!*

A person seeing a *quack doctor* come into a coffee-house, enquired of a gentleman what he was. "Sir," replied the other, "he is a man who lives upon a *sine*-cure."

At a recent sessions, on the examination of an Irish watchman respecting a murder, Paddy was asked, "how he found the deceased?" To which he replied, that "he found him lying on the ground, in the beat of his rounds;"—and so certain was he the man was dead, "*I asked him* (said he) *if somebody had not killed him!*"

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Pleasure and pain are but relative, not synonymous terms—and the blessings of liberty are only known from comparison. The following may serve as an example:— The wife of Hugh de Meville gave the King *two hundred hens*, that she might lye with her husband only *one night!*—Were this *fowl* law now still in being, we should have much less *crim. con.* among our modern *pullets*.

It is a very difficult matter *to bind the will*, in any case.—A little disagreement lately took place between a master and his servant. It was a sort of prescriptive *holiday*, and the servant claimed an exemption from his usual labour. After some altercation, the master consented that he should make a *holiday* of it, but upon condition that he went to *church*. The man, finding that this entirely frustrated his intention

tion of going *elsewhere*, said, "Well, Sir, as you insist upon it, I *will* go to church; but I will be hanged if I *pray* any."

CROSS READINGS.

The poverty and misery of the lower classes of people, are visible in—nine waggons of *British* gold passing to *Vienna*.

The old English spirit of liberality among its nobles—is evident in the late disuse of *pastry*.

Magna Charter and the *Bill of Rights*, are ordered—to fourteen years transportation to Botany-Bay.

The *ominum* being at an high premium—the Bank has refused any further *discounts*.

In consequence of the general distress pervading all ranks—Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas drank eighteen bottles of burgundy on the occasion.

The *bankrupts* in the last Gazette being no more than *thirty-nine*—Mr. Burke very graciously accepted of a pension of 4500l. *per annum*.

In consequence of the stoppage of the distilleries, and the great scarcity of foreign spirits, British spirits are now, from the first hand, above 200l. per ton, which is at the rate of about 16s. per gallon, and a further rise is daily expected, so that old ladies may now safely say—"*Gin is a precious creature!*"

An honest tar, speaking the other day, was heard to describe the dress of his wife thus:—"On my return from the *Cape*, she was so *bamboozled* in all her *rigging*, that I hardly knew her *stem* from her *stern*; and as to her *midships*, that was lumbered up in disguise with a vengeance! Even her *studding sails* were all apeak; her *clue-garnets* foul of her *reef-tacking*, and her *fore sheet* so *lubberly* belaid to her *cathead*, that, on putting her about, I soon found she *missed stays*, and away she went bump ashore, on the rocks of *Scilly!*

The Hibernian Journal, of the 17th instant, informs us, that, in order to prevent the poor, *who have nothing to spare*, from being defrauded, by what is called the *sweepstakes*, the commissioners of the Irish Lottery have determined that all the tickets shall be drawn out the day before—*the last day of drawing!!*

When Marshal Villars acceded to the government of Provence, he received the accustomed compliment of a *purse of pistoles*.—Upon being reminded that his predecessor, the Duke de Vendosme, had accepted only the *purse*,—"Aye," said the Marshal, (pocketing the gold) "he was an *inimitable governor*."

An optician in the country has advertised glasses, through which *eclipses*, *visible* or *invisible*, may be *seen*.

Suett lodged at Spencer's, at the time the house was so nearly in danger of being burnt. It was said, with more whim than feeling, that, if Suett had been lost, all the *fat* would have been on the *fire*.

ANECDOTE.

Not long since, two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L. stood candidates for a seat in the state legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other—however, by some artifice or another, Mr. D. got the election—when he was returning home much

much elated with his success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his—" Well," says D. " I have got the election — L. was no match for me—I'll tell you how I flung him.—If there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, *and there I had the advantage of him.*—If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French with them, *and there I had the advantage of him*—but, as to L. he was a plain, honest, sensible little fellow."—" Yes, Sir," replies the gentleman, " *and there he had the advantage of you.*"

Our *tonnish fair* are all *feathers* and *petticoats* ;—our *bucks* are all *breeches* and *cravats*. What would our sober ancestors have said to this whimsical compound ? *We* can make neither *head* nor *tail* of them.

AMERICA.

The Alexandrian Gazette, of November 27, contains the following curious advertisement :——" To be SOLD, one of the best *horse-shoers* in Virginia, and his *wife*. The smith is about forty-six years old, and his wife about forty five. They will be sold for a good NOTE, negotiable at the Bank at SIXTY days."—Apply, &c.

Fontenelle sitting with Madame Bogage one evening at *question* and *answer*, was asked by the lady the difference between the *table clock* and *herself* ? " It is this," replied the Academician — " The CLOCK makes us *remark* the hours, and YOU compel us to *forget* them !"

What a stock of accomplishments sometimes falls to the lot of an individual ! — A runaway negroe is advertised in a recent Virginia paper, of whom his owner asserts, " He is an excellent *barber*, *hostler*, *house* and *body* servant, and a tolerable *cook* and *fidler*." In consideration of *all* which, he offers a reward of *twenty dollars* for the apprehending him.

A gentleman lamenting the late robbery committed in Mr. Erskine's house, after enquiring the particulars, said, he " *hoped none of the family were alarmed*." — " *No*," replied Mr. E—— ; " but I wish to God *they had*."

PICTURE *of a* WESTPHALIA INN; *and* INFORMATION *for* EPICURES.

[*From the first volume of Dr. Cogan's Rhine.*]

" AS soon as we entered the village, where we were to remain, the joyful tidings were announced, by a crack of the whip, and an exclamation, ' Dass ist das Dorff !'—This is the village.—But we were still to experience rockings and joltings, in a rough and stoney road, through rain and wind, for the space of a tedious half hour, before our driver could exclaim, ' Da ist das Wirthshaus !'—There is the inn !

" Although we were so desirous of shelter from the storm, yet our countenances were by no means brightened up, when we beheld the mean appearance of our inn. —We enquired if it were the best in the village ? and were answered, ' It is the only one, where you can receive any accommodation.' Our ideas had given it a much better form ; and these were, in some measure, authorized by the specimen we had had of

of a post-house between Xanton and Dusseldorf.

"Our host, his fair spouse, and bare-footen maiden, seemed equally strangers to the wholesome duties of ablution; nor did a peep into the sombre and dirty kitchen give us any great appetite for our future supper.

"After we had settled accounts with the driver, who was the representative of the stable-keeper of Dusseldorff, while he supported claims and privileges of his own, (in which double capacity he employed all the intrigues of a minister of state to deceive; and we, all the firmness of sound policy, to maintain our known and acknowledged rights,) we were conducted to our apartment, or stube, opposite to the kitchen. Its clean and neat appearance, notwithstandin its simplicity, was somewhat encouraging. Its whitened walls, adorned with small pictures of saints, an image of the Virgin, that was placed on a large family chest, as the protectress of some old china, ranged in front — a crucifix, under an antique-framed mirror, manifested the owner's dispositions, both for devotion and ornament, while they gave us hopes that matters would not go very bad in such good company.

"Our repast was simple, but in abundance; and it was served up with attention and civility: a clean table-cloth, napkins, and plates, with burnished knives, sharpened the appetite, which had lost its edge, from a perspective of the kitchen. Our bed-chamber (the arrival of other company deprived us of separate rooms) partook of the same neatness and simplicity; and we awoke in the morning, much more refreshed, and better satisfied, than the first appearances had promised the preceding evening.

"No horse,—or, to elevate the simile as much as possible, when I compare myself to a beast of burden, — no mettlesome courser could feel more indignant terror on his spirits, upon being forced into the shop of a rude-handed farrier, than was felt by your humble servant, upon his being urged by necessity into this Wirthshaus; and for a similar reason, from the apprehensions of rough treatment within. I recollected those miserable inns in Westphalia,

> If inns they could be called, that inns were not,

into which my waggon-shaken bones entered, in hopes of rest and refreshment, but returned without either.

"These are termed Scheuren, or barns, where rationals and irrationals, men, women, and children, with all their live stock, dwell under one roof, and in the same apartment. The family occupy the extreme part of the building, at the greatest distance from the door, which is mostly at the gable-end; horses, milch cows, and oxen, are ranged on the right and left, towards the entrance; hogs and poultry take possession of the middle space. In consequence of this disposition, the hearth, or fire-place, is very remote from the door; and the smoke, which is mostly of oak wood, finding no chimney, or immediate vent, collecting in ample ringlets in the upper regions, is diffused in copious streams over the whole building, and its superabundance escapes at the barn door. At once to form a beneficial stream, and to facilitate its passage, a large reflection-board is placed perpendicularly above the fire-place, at such a due height, that it

it prevents the smoke from collecting among the beams and rafters, by diffusing each column, as it rises, over the middle regions. By condescending to compare myself to a quadruped, surely I have purchased a right to compare this machine to the founding-board of a pulpit, which it resembles in shape and size, and also in its manner of reverberating.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PORTRAITURE *of Colonel* THORNTON'S DASH.

(See the annexed Plate.)

IT is with much pleasure that we avail ourselves of the present opportunity in presenting our subscribers with an elegant portraiture of this valuable pointer, in the possession of Colonel Thornton. It is copied from a print, by Mr. Pollard, 22 inches by 18, (a very masterly performance) from the original, painted by Mr. Gilpin.

PETWORTH COURSING MEETING.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY giving place to the following, in your Magazine, you will much oblige

Your's, &c.

Chichester, CH. CHESTER.
Jan. 20, 1796.

On Tuesday the 19th instant, being the day appointed for the annual coursing at Petworth, an amazing concourse of people were collected in the park, at one o'clock, at which time the sport commenced. Seventeen dogs were entered for the cup; but, on starting the hare, Mr. Sillis's black dog, and Mr. Ayles's red Dick, broke away before the signal was given, and thereby were disqualified from starting again: however, they afforded very good sport, the black dog winning great odds; as, in disengaging himself from the man who held him, he lost sight of the hare a great while, but turned her, and killed her in great style before the red dog.

The remaining fifteen then started for the cup, which was to be decided by the first turn, and was won by Mr. Napper's black bitch. — Mr. Fuller's pied dog being *second*, was, according to rule, obliged to run with the winner for five guineas, and a most severe and excellent course they had: the judges not being able to decide, they started again, when Mr. N. won. The remaining matches were as follows:

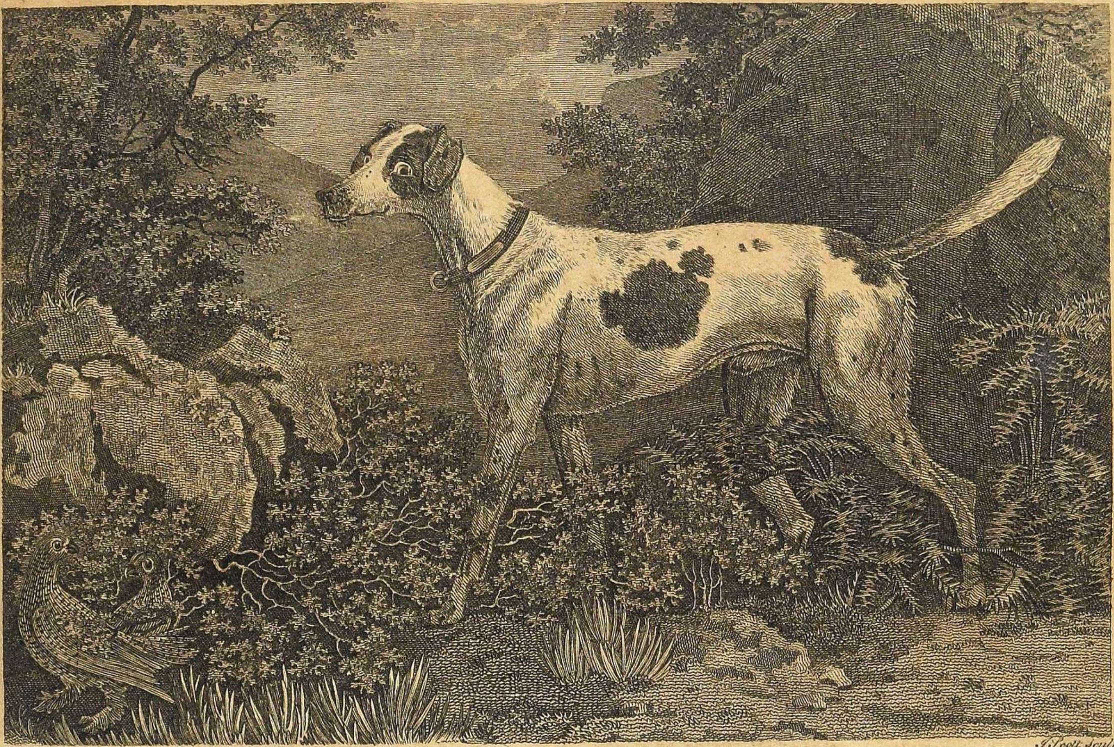
Mr. Sillis produced a greyhound against Mr. Napper. — Mr. N. won.

Mr. Bridger against Mr. Napper. —Mr. B. won.

Mr. Tyson against Major Battine, undecided, as they ran for the death, (though Mr. Tyson had the superiority.)

This was supposed to be one of the severest courses ever remembered; the hare running near five miles, and beat the dogs by leaping the park pales, which Mr. Tyson's dog attempted, but could not accomplish. Mr. B's declined at about 100 yards distance from the pales.

The day being remarkably fine, and the hares running so very well, every person appeared highly gratified with the diversion.— The park being allowed the most elegant place for such a diversion, in



J. Scott Sculp.

Dash.

Publish'd Feb.y 1. 1796 by I. Wheble Warwick Court London.

in England, added to the well-known liberality of its noble proprietor, bids fair to make this a place of the first note in the sporting world.

DESPERATE DUELLING.

Prince CHARLES *of* LICHTENSTEIN *and the* PREBENDARY *of* OSNABRUCK.

VIENNA, *Dec.* 10.

A DISPUTE, which had for some time existed between Prince Charles of Lichtenstein and the Prebendary of Osnabruck, Count de Weichs, was finally determined by a duel on the 8th ult. in which the Prince of Litchtenstein fell.

The parties fought with swords, in the bed-chamber of the Prince de Rosemberg, a Captain in the Imperial service, and nephew to the Grand Chamberlain, who was second to the Count de Weichs.—The Prince's second was *his own brother*, the Prebendary Joseph Wencesley.

So great was the fury of the combatants, that, not contented with the first blood drawn, they renewed the combat, when the Prince of Lichtenstein was pierced in the side, and fell dangerously wounded in the lungs, which terminated in his death on the 25th.

The combatants and seconds have all been arrested, and will be subjected to the penalties of the laws of Joseph II. which are very rigorous against premeditated duels. The Prince of Lichtenstein * was greatly beloved, and his misfortune consequently very much regretted. This unfortunate affair was occasioned by the love which those two rivals bore to the young and beautiful Countess of Czernicif, daughter of the Vice-Admiral of Russia, who remained a few months there, on her return from Italy.

Prince Charles of Litchtenstein preserved the full vigour of his mind until the last moment; and took his last farewell of his mother and consort in the most affecting manner. Immediately after his death, his brother, the Prebendary of Litchtenstein, who is said to have been the chief cause of that disastrous event, was conducted to the same house of arrest whither Count Rosemberg had already been sent some days before.

The deceased not only declared, before his death, that the Prebendary Weichs, by whom he was wounded, was perfectly innocent, as he had been forced to the duel; but he also signed a public instrument, containing the same declaration. Notwithstanding this circumstance, his Imperial Majesty has ordered this unfortunate affair to be enquired into, according to law.

Major SWEETMAN, *and Captain* WATSON.

COBHAM, *Jan.* 7.

IN consequence of an unpleasant dispute, which took place on Saturday evening last, at the Opera, between Major Sweetman of the Independents, and Captain Watson of the 90th regiment, those gentlemen, attended by their seconds, met on Monday morning, near this place, when the former gentleman was shot through the head, and almost instantly expired. The latter gentleman received a wound through the upper part of the thigh, which proving mortal, he died on Wednesday.

When the two deceased gentlemen

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* For particulars of this unfortunate Prince, see (in our Magazine, No. 2, p. 69) an account of the Austrian method of hunting.

men arrived at the fatal ground, Major Sweetman said, that, being near-sighted, he must desire to have a short distance chosen, that he might have the same chance as his antagonist.—"Half a yard!" said Capt. Watson, "if you please."—"Not so!" replied the Major: "I can see, very well, for five or six yards." The distance of six yards was marked out by the seconds. Both fired exactly at the same moment; and, as Major Sweetman was falling, Captain Watson was able to advance towards him, to enquire how he was hurt, before he perceived that he was himself wounded in the upper part of the thigh.

The two were natives of Ireland, and old acquaintances. They had formerly served in one regiment, but, from a trifling difference of opinion, a little coolness arose.—At the Opera, one of the gentlemen (we are not sure which) trod on the other's toe; in consequence of which, a challenge was given and accepted. Each made his will, and they dined together, in a mixed company, the day preceding the fatal catastrophe.

The remains of Major Sweetman were interred in Cobham church-yard yesterday. This unfortunate gentleman had served with reputation in the Imperial army. Both were men of the politest accomplishments; and the eldest had not attained the thirty-third year of his age.

Captain P— *and Lieutenant* C—.

A DUEL was lately fought at Jersey, between Captain P——— and Lieutenant C———, of the Somersetshire Fencibles; in which the former was wounded in the leg and the other in the thigh, but neither mortally.

Whimsical Account of a THINKING CLUB, *lately instituted at* MANCHESTER.

A CLUB, of a very singular nature, is established at Manchester. The president is dumb, and the members (upwards of three hundred) are artificially so, by "*constitutional muzzles.* The chair is taken at eight o'clock; and "*thinking*" and *drinking* are the order of the night. *Spirits* are not permitted, lest they should exhilarate; nor wine, lest it should make the heart glad. *Mum* only is allowed; and no member is admitted who cannot smoke ten pipes during the sitting, as the fume is thought not only beneficial to the brain, but a great preventive of *infection.*

We are sorry to say, that the *thoughts* of the club were considerably deranged at a late meeting, from one of the members having accidentally fallen asleep. The president, observing his eyes fixed, and an unusual gravity in his countenance, was apprehensive of danger, from too intense and profound *thinking*; and, therefore, *knocked to order* (for speaking is punished with expulsion, as being contrary to the *constitutional and fundamental principles of the establishment*), which striking his ear with the force of an electrical shock, he jumped erect upon his feet; and, his tongue getting the start of his senses, pronounced, with a loud voice, "Oh! dreadful thought! *my pipe is out!*" which has caused his expulsion from the club, as a dangerous member of a society, whose only virtue is silence, and its greatest blessing—Mum.

For every monosyllable spoken, a penny is forfeited by the *offender*; and for a polysyllable, two-pence!

We here introduce the following advertisement, dated

MAN-

MANCHESTER, *Dec.* 4.

The members of the truly *constitutional* THINKING CLUB are *commanded*, by their president, to meet on Monday evening next, at the Cooper's Arms, in Cateaton Street. —The chair to be taken at half past seven, and to *begin to think* precisely at eight.

By order of the president, every *thinker* is requested to bring pen, ink, and paper, with him.

N. B. Those *thinkers* who may not have the good fortune to have been born deaf and dumb, and who, consequently, may have the *treasonable* infirmity of exercising the faculty of SPEECH, in order to obviate every possibility of danger, may be accommodated with *constitutional muzzles* at the door.

*** The first question to be *thought* of, is—"How long shall we be PERMITTED to *think?*"

Dumb waiters are provided.

An Irishman, on reading the advertisement of this *rational* and *convivial* club of *thinkers*, exclaimed "By my soul, honey, I cannot *see* what they meet to think about!—The best time to *think* is—when they are *asleep!*"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ANNALS OF GAMING.

MRS. CONCANNON'S.

Dec. 20, 1795.

THE entertainments of this *fashionable* rendezvous, on Sunday evening last, were most numerously attended. The Prince was to have been present, but sent a late excuse of indisposition for his absence. The Concert was select, with the best of the Opera voices: the supper luxurious, as might be expected, where a Play Bank issues *fifty guineas* for its supplies. The *Faro-table* was surrounded, through the evening, with the most *dashing players*. General Tarleton, at one time, was out 800l. by backing his favourite *Queen, Ace*, and *Deuce*; but recovered 312 back on one card, by *little figure.*—Mr. Hankey got up, only *minus* 300l.—There was a brilliant assemblage of *feathers*, which, prudently, did not nod over the tables of enchantment:

The week of fashionable play is thus limited to four tables, for the present season, viz. Sunday and Wednesday, at Mrs. Concannon's. Monday and Thursday, at Lady Archer's. Tuesday and Friday, at Lady Buckingham's. Saturday, at Mrs. Sturt's.

A serious *rumpus* has taken place among the Knights of the Gaming Table, owing, it is said, to the *information* abilities of the ingenious *Bob Qui Tam* having been treated with contempt, and refused the customary fees. Flaming posting bills are, every where in the neighbourhood of St. James's, exhibited to public view, denouncing two houses in Pall Mall, the proprietors of which, having grown rich by the traffic, have thought fit to throw off the yoke, and no longer submit to the pecuniary tyranny of this *honourable* gentleman's vocation. *Bob* pledges himself to give due and regular information to the magistrates, of all houses wherein similar practices are carried on, namely, *E. O.* and *Roulet*, excepting such as act with *caution*, and quiet his *conscience.*

The Punters, who occasionally make their Bankers of all the *tables*

tables tremble by their *weight of metal*, are, Mr. Boone, of the Guards; Mr. Derby, the son of the late Admiral; and Mr. Dashwood. Some of these gentlemen rise winners, or losers, of 5000l. nightly—with the greatest composure!

The Faro table at Brookes's is not yet opened; but preparations for *great business* are making, under the *firm* of Lord Cholmondeley, Dick Thompson, &c.

A cause of considerable consequence to the discipline of the Militia, and the morals of the army, is preparing for trial.—The Commanding Officer of the regiment, having passed the evening over wine, with several of his officers, concluded the debauch with carrying away one of them, who was extremely intoxicated, to town. It is not material how the rest of the night was passed; but, in the morning, the Colonel slipped a piece of paper into the young man's hand, containing a memorandum that he had lost to him, at play, the sum of 700l. The unfortunate person, after being arrested for this sum (upon the parade), was induced to grant an annuity of 100l. a year to the nominee of the said Colonel.—The proceedings are to set aside this deed, and compel a restitution of a note for the original sum, which a false sense of honour had extorted, at the time, from the junior officer.

Nine publicans have been convicted, before the Magistrates of the Public Office at Whitechapel, in the penalty of forty shillings, for suffering gaming in their houses by journeymen and labourers.—There wants the same vigilance in the city, where many of the public houses are kept open at very unseasonable hours, and music and dancing are permitted. This forfeits their licence, which restrains them from being open after nine o'clock; which is a time when the lower orders of people should retire to their homes, who have their bread to get by rising early.

The lady, who lately lost two thousand guineas in Grafton-street, whilst waiting for her coach, was obliged to meet a party at the Play, and that made her stake so high. But she was punctual to her appointment, and just in time to witness the last scene of *The Road to Ruin.*

The FARO Table, at the *Cocoa Tree*, is the only *male* bank now going on with any *eclat.*

A young nobleman, some nights ago, after losing 17,000l. at play, in a house at the west end of the town, cut his throat, and immediately expired.

BOXING. Jan. 5.

THE boxing match fought on Wimbledon-common, on Tuesday, ended in favour of the Irishman, after twenty-eight severe rounds, in which there was no fall without a knock-down blow. The contest lasted forty-four minutes. Colonel Glover and Sir Thomas Apreece were amongst the spectators, who were not less than five thousand.

A match, for one hundred guineas, has been made between the man called the *Old Ruffian*, and the Irishman, who won the late battle on Wimbledon-common.—The odds are in favour of the former.

On

Jan. 6.

On Wednesday evening an *Hibernian Flash*, well known as a pugilist, engaged a boxer to assist him in carrying off a *milliner's apprentice*, whom he described as being deeply in love with him, and anxious to go.

A post-chaise to Romford was accordingly ordered, and directed to wait for him at Moorfields, near the residence of his intended spouse. As soon as he and the boxer arrived at the chaise, he sent a porter to the shop to desire the girl to bring a box of ribbons out, that a lady in a carriage might choose some patterns. She directly came, but on seeing who had sent for her, exclaimed, "O, you wretch, is it you!" The man instantly seized her, and they fell together on the pavement. He then called out to his companion to tie her legs, and cast her into the chaise; but he, much to his honour, immediately tore the fellow away, and after giving him a sound drubbing, conducted the girl safe to her home.

CASUALTIES.

On the 26th of December, 1795, died suddenly, near Horn's Cross, on the road between Rochester and Dartford, John Williams, taylor, of Maidstone. He breakfasted at his daughter's, well, at eight o'clock, and dropped suddenly on the road—In his pocket the following lines were found:

John Williams is my name,
Maidstone, in Kent a town of fame;
But if from home I lose my life,
I hope some one will inform my wife:
In Queen-street she does dwell,
Phœbe is her name, and known full well.
If in London it should be,
My daughter lives 2 above 143,
Old Gravel-lane, Ratcliff Highway,
Her name is Wills, as I may say;
But if near Woolwich I feel the stroke,
My sister lives near the Royal Oak:
Or if near Gravesend I should fall,
Brother Fletcher lives at Claphall;
But sister she is married, and gone,
My wife she is dead, and I am left forlorn.

January 3d, died, in Leicester-street, near Swallow-street, Piccadilly, John Girdlay, labourer, leaving a wife and four poor small children, of the hydrophobia, brought on by the bite of a mad dog; about a month prior to his death, every medical assistance that Dr. Ford, and others of the faculty, could devise, was used to avert the impending evil in vain. On Thursday, the 24th of December, strong symptoms of canine insanity began to shew themselves in this poor man, which were attended with perturbation of mind, and restlessness of body, which hourly increased on the day and night of the 25th; and on the morning of the 26th, he became so convulsed as to bound from the bed on which he lay, though held by a strong man, ending in a shudder, with great emotion of countenance; the disorder increased about twelve o'clock to a violent degree; his speech was less articulate, the foam more copious, and the convulsions more violent. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he received from a medical hand, a draft, which he outlived a few minutes only.

BATH, *Jan.* 8.

On Monday, as Mr. Landsdown, jun. of Marksbury, was shooting in the fields near that place, his companion having shot a small bird, which Mr. L. was searching for with the butt end of his gun, it went off, and lodged the charge in his body—He expired the next day.

Laſt week, a private belonging to the Eſſex Cavalry, hung himſelf with a *bridle* in a *ſtable* in Horſe-ſtreet, in this place.

January 16. The Duke of Bedford was thrown from his horſe at Marſtonthrift, Bedfordſhire. His Grace received only a ſlight bruiſe; but he left the hunt, and returned to Wooburn-abbey. The company purſued the hunt, and the fox was not taken till they came near Wellingborough. The hounds did not return to Wooburn till between eight and nine o'clock at night.

In the beginning of this month died William Fowler, well known in the town and neighbourhood of Sheffield, as a driver of Mr. Nicholſon's machine (of Cawood) from York to Sheffield, and back again. He travelled for thirty-ſeven years ſucceſſively without having all that time met with any illneſs to obſtruct his journies, till the cold which he caught of late, and which proved fatal. In one week, he muſt have travelled 244 miles, in one year 12,668, and in the whole thirty-ſeven years, 469,456 miles.

A few days ago a man who had the appearance of a labourer, was found ſtrangled in a field near Camberwell, in Surrey. It appeared that he had ſtolen a ſheep, the hind legs of which he had tied together and put them over his forehead, in order to carry it away, but it is thought that in getting over the gate, the ſheep ſtruggled, and by a ſudden ſpring ſlipt his feet down to his throat; for in that poſture they were found, the animal hanging on one ſide of the gate, and the dead man on the other.

Mrs. Iſabella Bampton, who lately died at Middleton, was aged 101. It was her conſtant boaſt that ſhe knew old Macklin *fourſcore and ten years.*

The inhabitants of Windſor have been much alarmed by the appearance of a mad dog, belonging to a baker at Eton, which ran through the town, biting ſeveral people in his paſſage. The circumſtance is the more to be lamented, as this is the ſecond of the ſame kind which have happened at Windſor, within theſe few weeks, when ſeveral perſons as well as dogs, were bitten.

MISCELLANEOUS.

December the 26th, during the market at Haverfordweſt, the people were much ſurpriſed by the appearance of a fox, cloſely purſued by the hounds and gentlemen of Lambſton Hunt. Poor Reynard, after running through two or three ſtreets, got a retreat from the dogs by leaping unhurt, though almoſt ſpent, through a pane in the parlour window of Mr. Perkins, High-ſtreet, where he was immediately ſecured for another day's ſport.

Bath, *Dec.* 29.

Wm. Hall, of this city, undertook to run againſt John Thomas, a noted Welſhman, for a wager of twenty-five guineas a-ſide, from the Old Bridge, in Bath, to Temple Gate, Briſtol, (12 miles,) which was won by the latter, by about ſeven minutes; he run the ground, notwithſtanding the badneſs of the weather, in an hour and twenty-two minutes!

Laſt week, a couple of equeſtrians ſtarted from the infirmary, in this town, to go twenty miles for

for a wager of eighty guineas:—but, ſorry are we to add, ſo violent were the exertions of one of the riders, in driving the animal beyond its natural ſpeed, that, after going a few miles, it dropped down and died upon the ſpot.

Dec. 30.

A bay mare, of Mr. Byron's, trotted from York-houſe, in this place to the Buſh tavern, Briſtol, in leſs than forty-nine minutes, for 100 guineas, carrying 13ſt.

A ſweepſtakes of twenty guineas each, one two-mile heat, was run on Thurſday, December 31, on Lanſdown, near this city, between Captain Thornhill's b. h. Murcutio, Captain Neſbitt's b. m. and Mr. ——'s b. g. Won with eaſe by Mercutio. A match for one hundred guineas, one four-mile heat, was afterwards run betwixt Mercutio and the bay mare. The horſe to beat her a diſtance, which he likewiſe did with eaſe.

HORSHAM.

The *ringers*, on the laſt new year's eve, at half after eleven, P. M. began a peal of 5040, grandſire triples, and compleated the ſame in three hours and one minute as under:

Alexander Luxford,	Treble
Anthony Lintott -	2
Edward Aldridge -	3
Richard Dounes - -	4
Henry Weller - -	5
Thomas Jones - -	6
Thomas Briſtow - -	7
William Oakes	Tenor.

The bobs were called by Anthony Linton. The Horſham ringers, for ſeveral years paſt have amuſed themſelves with ringing the old year out, and the new one in.

SHERBORNE, Jan. 8.

The following curious and extraordinary circumſtance occurred during the laſt week.—An ewe big with lamb, the property of Mr. Mullins, of Henſtridge, in the county of Somerſet, was found dead in the field, occaſioned, as it is ſuppoſed, by her falling into a trench: on opening her, ſhe was found to contain ſix lambs, all perfectly formed, but materially differing in ſize and maturity; one of the couples was as large as lambs uſually are at the time of falling, and covered with wool, the ſecond couple was ſmaller, and without wool, and the third appeared about half grown: probably, therefore, the effect of the three diſtinct conceptions.

There are now in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman in Glaſgow, a pair of canary birds, which have had young ones within theſe few weeks, being no leſs than their ſeventh brood ſince April laſt. Their laſt brood, conſiſting of three in number, were hatched the 23d of October laſt, and were killed by the ſucceeding froſt; the preſent brood, conſiſting of three in number, are flying about, and are ſtrong, healthy birds.

A publican, in Cheſter, has cauſed the following *elegant* compoſition to be put up over the fire-place in his club-room:

"No politic language is here the ſort,
"He that begins it forfeits a quart;
"King George's rights let us maintain,
"And love and friendſhip long remain;
"He that refuſes is to blame!"

FEAST.

At the ſerjeants (law) feaſt, in the 23d of Henry the 8th, at Ely Houſe, on the 10th of November, the company (which was deemed a *jolly* one) devoured 24 large beeves, 100 fat ſheep, 51 calves, 34 ſwine, 91 pigs, and 37 dozen

dozen of pigeons;—befides drinking an immenfe quantity of claret, of an extraordinary quality, for it coft the entertainers *feven pounds a tun.*

John Hewitt has been committed to Nottingham gaol, on a charge of ftealing from Wm. Wheatley *three halters*; it is probable he will 'ere long, be prefented with a *fourth*, as it has fince appeared that he is a notorious horfe-ftealer.

At a hamlet, called Portway, in the county of Stafford, are now refiding a pair, the hufband upwards of a hundred years of age, and the wife more than nine y. They have been married more than feventy years, and have fix fons, all now living.

The removal of an old cheft, a few days ago, at a refpectable farm-houfe in Denbighfhire, produced a hint which may be ufeful to the fagacious fraternity of mifers—a fortunate jerk, in removing it to a new fituation, fhook out of one of its worm-eaten feet, near a dozen emaciated guineas, of different reigns, from Charles II. to George I. which have hitherto been artfully confined (in a hole in the bottom, vifible only when the cheft was on its fide) by a flide; but Time, that arch informer, has brought "the hidden things of darknefs into light," to the furprife and fatisfaction of the finder; it is rumoured, however, that the neighbourhood has been much difturbed ever fince by the groans of the antient poffeffors, occafioned (no doubt) by this fudden and unexpected ejectment of *his foul!*

A Jewefs, of St. Mary Axe, who died lately, made a fingular will; fhe directed her body to be buried in Jerufalem, and twelve Jews, who were to accompany it, to have 400l. each for their trouble —two on departure, and the other two on their return to England, after executing their commiffion. This will is to be literally obeyed, and the body is now ready for departure, with all its funeral honours.

A fine four-year old *bull* was laft week killed at Cardigan, each quarter of which weighed 356*lb.* befides 112*lb.* of *tallow*, which was taken from the hind quarters. It was univerfally allowed to be the fineft of the kind ever feen at that place, and was fed at Blaenpant, the feat of W. O. Brigftoke, Efq.

HORSES.

The prefent mild and humid weather is extremely unfavourable to horfes, many of which have been lately attacked with difeafes of a very malignant nature.

January 17th, Major Rooke, for a bet of one hundred guineas, drove a whifkey and pair from Temple-gate, Briftol, to Salt-ftreet, Bath, a diftance of rather more than twelve miles in forty-feven minutes. He was allowed fifty to perform it in. Near Keynfham, one of the traces broke, which hindered him near a minute and a half in repairing.

A few days ago, the fervant of a Mr. Quefted, at Broughton Lees, in Kent, for a wager of fix guineas, undertook to carry a fack of wheat, weighing two hundred and a half, one mile, in twenty minutes; he won the ftake, with apparent eafe, in nineteen minutes.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

Songs, Choruſſes, &c. in the New Pantomime of
MERRY SHERWOOD.

[*Continued from Page* 166.]

SONG and CHORUS.

IN Merry Sherwood, we merry men
Live here like the birds moſt free ;
The daiſy a carpet makes for our fine hall,
And our roof is the greenwood tree.

In town let 'em wear ſilk hoſe,
And gold on their Sunday clothes ;
Our deer, every day of the week,
Wears a doublet brown and ſleek ;
The ram has a coat moſt rough,
But cold does he look in his buff,

And that's when his back is ſhorn,
Let the bow cry twang
Twang dillo go lang,
Then ſweet ſounds the bugle horn.

We take from the rich and we give to the poor,
And we feaſt on the well fatted deer:
Our buſineſs is game, of our game we are ſure,
As our table does make it appear.
Our merry men all are ſtout and bold,
And thus are they choſen d'ye ſee ;
The man that's not able our ſides to baſte,
Comes not in our company.

CHORUS.

In town let 'em wear, &c.

AIR.—TANNER.

(*From the Old Ballad.*)

WHY who art thou, thou fierce fellow,
That rangeſt ſo boldly here ?
In ſooth to be brief, thou look'ſt like a thief,
That comes to ſteal our king's deer.

II.

For thy ſword and thy bow, I care not a ſtraw,
Nor all thy arrows to boot,
If thou gets a knock upon the bare ſcop,
Thoul't not be inclin'd to ſhoot.

III.

I paſs not for length I'd have thee to know,
My ſtaff is of oak ſo free—
Eight foot and half—it will knock down a calf,
And I hope it will knock down thee.

AIR—FRIAR.

I AM a friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way :
I pull not blackberry, haw or hip,
Good ſtore of veniſon does fill my ſcrip.
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I walk no money I want ;
And why I'm ſo plump the reaſon I'll tell—
Who leads a good life is ſure to live well.
What Baron or Squire,
Or Knight of the Shire,
Lives half ſo well as a holy Friar.

Myſelf by denial I mortify—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie :
I'm cloath'd in ſackcloth for my ſin ;
With old ſack wine I'm lin'd within :
A chirping cup is my matin ſong,
And the veſper's bell is my bowl ding dong.
What Baron, or Squire, &c.

AIR—BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR I am, and of low degree,
For I'm come of a begging family ;
I'm lame, but when in fighting bout,
I whip off my leg and I fight it out ;

In

In running, I leave the beadle behind,
And a lass I can see, tho' alas! I am blind;
Thro' town and village I gaily jog,
My music the bell of my little dog.

I'm cloath'd in rags,
I'm hung with bags,
That around me wags;
I've a bag for my salt,
A bag for my malt,
A bag for the leg of a goose;
For my oats a bag,
For my groats a bag,
And a bottle to hold my booze.
It's now, heaven bless you for your charity,
And then push the can about, fol de rol de ree.

In begging a farthing I am poor and old,
In spending a noble I'm and bold;
When a brave full company I see,
It's "my noble masters, your charity"—
But when a traveller I meet alone,
"Stand and deliver, or I knock you down."
All day for a wandering mumper I pass,
All night—Oh a barn and a buxom lass.

I'm cloathed, &c.

SOLILOQUY ON THE POLL-TAX.

To pay, or not to pay? that is the question.—
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The laughs and quizzes of the powder'd pates;
Or to take arms against so many troubles,
And by a guinea end them?—To pay—to puff
No more—and by that puff to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
We else must meet with—'Tis a consummation
Most dearly to be earn'd.—To pay—to puff,
To puff? But then to pay, aye, there's the rub,
For in the day we pay, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off our golden piece,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes black perriwigs of such duration;
For who would bear the quips and scorns of ladies,
The sport of bucks, the proud man's contumely?
Fun of despised frizeurs, the hoots of boys,
The insolence of powder, and the spurns
Unpowder'd Jaseys of the powdered get?
To fume and sweat whene'er he went abroad,
But that the loss of one-and-twenty shillings
Gone to commissioners, from whose dread bourn
No shillings e'er returns; puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear unpowder'd locks
Than fly to powder with a heavy loss.
Thus licenses make cowards of us all.
And thus the lively hue of whiten'd nobs
Is blacken'd o'er by this cursed powder TAX,
And many a Jasey, Grizzie, Bob, and Scratch,
With this regard, pomatum turn aside,
And lose the name of powder.

OLD QUIZ.

THE BUTCHER AND HOG.

Thus spake the Butcher, in his hand the blade,
The Hog upon the tressel screaming laid:
'I wish my hat were in your gullet ramm'd!
'Lie still, and have your throat cut, and be d—mn'd,
'You're but a Hog. Sure by the coil you keep,
'You think yourself as good as any SHEEP!
'Bleed quietly, and cease that frightful bawl;
''Tis *faction* and *sedition* makes you squall:
'Shall Hogs pretend to any *rights* at all?'

THE QUADRUPED ROPE-DANCER,

A TALE.

If history tells truth, and who can doubt it?
For of truths past we should know none without it;
Near Dublin's famous town, or city if you please,
For THIS or THAT's pronounced with equal ease,
A house was kept by Doctor Sheridan,
As pleasant as the Bull at Meriden;
And it was *Quilca* call'd,
By wits and bards extoll'd,
Where Swift often chas'd the swift hours away,
With arch vivid satire, in humorous lay;
And Boyle, who oft' with flow of soul boil'd over,
The end of science chew'd, as cows chew clover!

But

But what was more than all we've ſaid,
Here ſcience held her ſpring and head;
And here the Doctor train'd a flock
Of whipſters, to trace his hæc hoc,
And all the various turns and windings find,
Of conjugated verbs, as well as nouns declin'd.
But every day,
This was his way,
'A time to play,
'A time to pray.'
And the Doctor exacted as ſtrict a decorum.
In both, as 'Mars, Bacchus, Apollo Viro- 'rum,'
For he ſcouted *horſe*-play, diſapprov'd of *horſe*-play'rs,
And it can't be ſuppoſed he was fond of *horſe*-pray'rs.
Yet ſo it hap'd, one morn at matin,
That near the deſk a youngſter ſat in,
The bell-rope of the ſchool was hung,
By which the boys to pray'rs were rung,
And as from cieling it depended,
A rat from hole at top deſcended,
More nimbly than a lamplighter, I trow,
Eager to ſeize
A piece of cheeſe,
From pupil's pocket dropp'd on floor below.
Aithgptſi for droll, the nilſtg ſtar'd,
And writh'd and wriggled,
Grinn'd and giggl'd,
And before one ſhort pray'r was gone through half,
Each young ſportive brat,
Pointing plump at the rat,
Drown'd all devotion—in a loud horſe laugh.
The rat was ſcar'd and ſcour'd away,
The Doctor ſtar'd in wild diſmay;
And, caſting his eyes around the ſchool,
Demanded, what rogue, and what fool,
In one culprit was he, who had dar'd lead the way,
Thus to tempt the whole flock from their duty to ſtray?
And now, inflam'd with wrath, his rev'rence ſwore,
(*Swore* as devoutly as he *pray'd* before)
'That unleſs their ring-leader was quickly 'made known,
'Their b—ms one and all for his crime 'ſhould atone.'
When lo! to ſave from birch the reſt,
The poor loſt ſheep his crime confeſs'd;
Confeſs'd 'that with fun he ſo ſtrangely 'was ſtruck,
'At the ſight of a rat, that he laugh'd as 'if ſtuck,'
'Hoiſt him up,' ſays the Doctor, 'more 'fun for the dunce,
'As I'll make him confeſs he's been ſtruck 'more than once!
'For if *rats* with *one* tail can make fun, I 'opine,
'There is more to be made with a *cat* that 'has *nine*.
'Nor aught ſhall ſave his crupper from 'the rod,
'Unleſs ſome doggrel, pointed queer and 'odd,
'Hit off, *impromptu*, he can now pro- 'duce,
''Twixt birch and breech to expedite a 'truce.'
'O then,' Pill Garlick quick reply'd,
'Let not a cat's tail ſcore my hide,
'Becauſe a rat, for want of ſtairs,
'Came down a rope to ſpoil our pray'rs.—
'Thus pardon I implore from YOU
'EXTEMP'RE, and EXTRUMP'RE too!'
This well-tim'd waggery drew mercy down,
And full forgiveneſs,—ſeal'd with half-a-crown.

BRUSH.

INSCRIPTION,

Written at the entrance of a Wood, at Moulſey, Surrey.

——STOP! ſportſman,—
Not with deſtructive hand
Approach the wood, to ſolitude and contemplation
Sacred!—nor, with thy mortal thunder,
Wound the feather'd choir,
Who oft', at early morn and ſilent eve,
'Waken ſweet echo with their ſweeter ſong!
So ſhall the unſeen genius of the wood
Reward, with gentle ſlumbers,
Thy humanity.

For the Sporting Magazine.

Genuine Letter ſent with a HARE, *Chriſtmas,* 1795.

Dear Sir,
By the coach I have ſent you a hare,
And hope it will prove acceptable fare;
And ſince you have married a daughter of Adam,
My ſervice to you, and likewiſe to Madam.

ANSWER.

YOUR preſent, dear Sir, came duly to hand,
In order as good as moſt hares in the land;

And

And when *puss* had pass'd the purgation of
 fire,
She rose in esteem, and her merits grew
 higher.
The daughter of Adam as well as her
 mate,
Thank the donor, and, if he don't think it
 too late,
Sends him greeting from heart, an happy
 new year,
And invites him to taste of Newmarket
 cheer:
His friends, in that village of note and re-
 nown
He will not forget when he sees London
 town.

A TALE.

By the Rev. Mr. BISHOP,

Late Head Master of Merchant Taylor's School

QUOD PETIS HIC EST.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
 Plain folk in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
 And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
 In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
 A baby Angel's face.

John swallow'd first a mod'rate sup;
 But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
 She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
 But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the Angel there,
 And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
 Another card he play'd;
And, where the *angel* stood so plain,
 He got a *devil* pourtray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever when she seiz'd her ale,
 She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd with wonder petrify'd,
 His hairs rose on his pate;
And, "Why do'st guzzle now," he cry'd,
 "At this enormous rate."

"O John," said she, "am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame
 To leave the devil a drop!"

NED AND LUKE.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL TALE.

TWO chums at the same point of time,
 With the same general in view;
Leave college, and, with eager hope,
 Their different plans pursue.

Ned ne'er cou'd wink at folly's prank,
 Nor flatter pride and vice;
Spoke free and bluntly what he thought:
 And dress'd not over-nice.

Luke bow'd demure, spoke with a smile,
 Was always snug and clean;—
In others ne'er saw vi e; and why?
 It ought not to be seen.

Twelve years elapsed; disclosing time,
 Which every thing can dish-up
Saw Ned a poor lank *Curate* still,
 And Luke a sleek fat *Bishop*.

They met; and on their different fates
 With usual freedom spoke:
My Lord accounted for them thus—
 Success will have its joke:

"That one's so snug and t'other lank,
 "Must from this cause commence—
"I, *by divine permission live*,
 "You but *on Providence*."

THE LEGACY OF AN OLD FRIEND,

and his last Moral Lesson to

Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi.

QUESTION.

WHETHER 'twas *love of Fame*, or
 love of Ale,
The *Wife* obtain'd th' *entire* by marrying
 Thrale;
But when a *second husband* fann'd the fire,
Say, did th' *Italian nuptials* give th' *entire*!

ANSWER.

The *Wife* gave her hand at the altar of
 Thrale,
For something she lov'd—and it might be
 good Ale;
Then married a second, with wishes not
 fewer,
Who wanted *that something* possessed by the
 Brewer.
The answer is this, to the question you
 put,
She found one *Entire*, and the other *all-But*.

DIDO.